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A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 145 (2305).—VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.]

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Professor Helmholtz, of Heidelberg, will deliver two  
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Six Lectures, by John Hullah, Esq., "On the History of  
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Six Lectures, by William Pengelly, Esq., F.G.S., "On the  
Devonian Age of the World," commencing Thursday, May 2.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

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"A child, more than all other gifts  
That earth can offer to declining man,  
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

We do not intend to spoil our readers' enjoyment by a premature disclosure of the plot, if we may give such a name to the simple links that connect the beginning with the end of the story. We must, however, to make our criticism comprehensible, give, in a few sentences, the history of the personage from whom the novel takes its name. *Silas Marner*, in his youth, was a zealous member of a narrow religious sect. The fervour of his piety was only equalled by the extraordinary and special light which, in the eyes of "the church assembling in Lantern Yard," was on all occasions vouchsafed to him. Full of trust in man, and of faith in the justice of a mysterious God; zealous above all, yet above all diffident, he lived on in belief more powerful than reasonable conviction, and in a dim twilight more congenial to such natures as his than the brightest light. One familiar friend he had in whom he trusted, and on whose more self-relying judgment he was wont to rest in cases where he could not depend upon himself or his own unaided conscience. This confidence was unhappily misplaced. *Silas Marner* is suddenly accused before his church of a shameful robbery. His own familiar friend is his accuser, and finds the evidence which seems to convict him. But evi-

dence, in that primitive community, is not sufficient without immediate ratification from Heaven, and praying and lots are resorted to. The lots declare *Silas Marner* guilty, and he is cast out of the fold. Maddened by the villainy of his friend, and stupefied by the treachery of Providence, he exclaims, in atheistical passion as unreasoning as had been his faith—"There is no just God, that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent!"

This, the first phase of *Silas Marner*'s life, the author depicts briefly, but with immense and concentrated power. The depth of his former faith gives an additional element of darkness and hopelessness to the dark and hopeless atheism which superseded it. If his belief had been less profound, his disbelief would also have been less profound. The man who has believed most boldly, will also disbelieve most boldly; and lukewarm atheism is the common sequel to lukewarm faith. A less keen observer than George Eliot, would have been content with a mere modification of *Silas Marner*'s disturbed belief. More than one popular authoress would have saved him from atheism and dissent by the proselytism of a Tractarian curate. Novelists of the silly school known by the silly name of muscular Christians, would have restored him to a sound mind by a course of gymnastics and paradoxical controversy.

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*Silas Marner* quitted the town where he had hitherto lived and prayed. He went away to a distant village, nestling "in a snug, well-wooded hollow," with church and churchyard, and old-fashioned homesteads and sunny orchards. The change was like that from Stonyshire to Loamshire. The religion that he had lost bore no resemblance to the worship of his new home, and he met with nothing to check the benumbing, withering influences at work. He continued to lead a dull, mechanical existence, sitting day after day in his place at the loom, in an uninterrupted monotony of weaving. Ere long, however, his nature found an object of intense interest, and gold filled the void left by the religion he had cast away. Hoarding and weaving were now his two occupations. He toiled more assiduously than ever; he denied himself more than ever; and as his hoarded guineas grew into a larger heap, his passion for them grew stronger and more insatiable. All day he sat at his loom; and at night he

counted and gloated over his ever accumulating gold. One night all his guineas were stolen; and he once more relapsed into utter hopelessness and blind despair.

This gradual metamorphose into miserly avarice is probably that portion of the development of *Silas Marner*'s character which will be most cavilled at. It is, indeed, a metamorphose which, superficially considered, seems violent and almost unnatural. The double reaction from fervent zeal to sheer atheism, and then from blank despair to eager, clutching avarice, appears excessive. But, after all, closer thought convinces us that to a nature such as *Silas Marner*'s, something on which to depend, something to which he might cling, was absolutely essential. Further than this, he required something almost personal. Even in the days of his belief, he needed a friend; and that friend's treachery, whilst it made all human society repugnant to him, left him in urgent want of some supporting substitute. The guineas grew to stand to him as man could no longer stand. Hence the author tells us:—

"He began to think they were conscious of him, as his loom was; and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces."

It was precisely this tendency of his mind which, after the loss of his darling guineas, drove him with such an *élan* of affection to the curly-headed child whom accident sent to his hearth. The far-off memories of his own boyhood, of his youth, and of his early manhood, came teeming upon him at the sight of her; and shed the broken warmth of by-gone summers upon his soul, benumbed by a long and dreary winter. The child became to him what his old faith had once been—perhaps more than his gold had ever been. During the years while the child is growing into maidenhood, *Silas Marner*'s life, with an almost parallel growth, expands into a wide consciousness. His faculties exert themselves in tranquil and even activity. The dark, painful cloud which had veiled his past years, slowly rolls away, and we leave him in trusting, genial serenity.

Such is the general tenor of the story. There is also an underplot, but as it only contains the circumstances necessary for the gradual evolution of the mental plot, we need not here enter into it. We have said enough to show the unfairness of measuring *Silas Marner* by the standard of its popular predecessors, *Adam Bede*, and *The Mill on the Floss*. It is a sketch, finished, subtle, and full of genius; while they are paintings, elaborate, broad, and richly coloured. It is a careful analysis of a character with which we can entertain at most only a very modified sympathy; they were, each in its own way, vigorous delineations of strong passion,—passion which everybody in feebler or intenser degree has felt, and which therefore everybody dimly or keenly is able to appreciate. The open manliness of *Adam Bede*, the devoted self-sacrifice of *Dinah Morris*, the sorrowful aspirations of *Maggie*, find no parallels in the gloomy troubles of *Silas Marner*, in the commonplace vivacity of *Eppie*, nor in the self-deceiving, self-reproaching *Godfrey Cass*. It is clear that *Silas Marner* will not in any way rival the popularity of *The Mill on the Floss*, and still less that of *Adam Bede*.

The mind of the reader is never wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and he proceeds leisurely to the end of the novel without any very lively curiosity as to what the end will be. It is a matter of question how far this absence of material and motive for excitement is consistent with artistic principles. In fiction,

\* *Silas Marner: the Weaver of Raveloe*. By George Eliot. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1861.

as in the drama, it would seem necessary to represent men and women as they are, but yet to invest them also with circumstances which shall call forth what is deepest and strongest within them. We refuse to interest ourselves in characters whose career, environment, trials, and ultimate fate are entirely ordinary and commonplace. We cannot but think, therefore, that it is at once impolitic and inartistic to have left the action of the story so singularly devoid of what may be called motion.

From a totally different point of view, as a mere photograph of a stationary phase of human society, *Silas Marner* possesses rare merit. The brilliant humour which pervades all the descriptions of Raveloe life and manners, to our mind, surpasses all the author's previous efforts in the same direction. The scene at the Rainbow, the inn of Raveloe (c. vi.), is unrivalled both for truthfulness and for genuine humour. Mr. Macey, the parish clerk, and the hero in this admirable scene, is a character whose sayings and doings are as humorous as anything to be found in the whole of Dickens's works. Miss Priscilla Lammeter, though we see but little of her, is an incipient Mrs. Poyser, with her inconvenient candour or kindly sarcasm, or contemptuous views of "the men,"—"always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they've got; they can't sit comfortable in their chairs when they've neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths to make 'em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they're forced to make haste before the next meal comes in." Nor do wives escape her gentle cynicism:—

"O, I know," said Priscilla, smiling sarcastically, "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em."

Nor should we omit to notice the disgust felt by the Miss Gunn's, the daughters of the wine merchant of the neighbouring town, for these rich country-people "brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity":—

"She actually said 'mato' for 'meat,' 'appen' for 'perhaps,' and 'oss' for 'horse,' which to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen' on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking."

Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife, is perhaps the most prominent of the minor characters. She is drawn with the author's never-failing humour, but it is humour mingled with pathos. Mrs. Winthrop is the exponent of the simple Raveloe theology:—

"Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we've done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'll be worse nor we are, and come short o' Theirn."

"Well, then, Master Marner, it come to me summat like this: I can make nothing o' the drawing o' lots and the answer coming wrong; it 'ad mayhap take the parson to tell that, and he could only tell us i' big words. But what come to me as clear as the daylight, it was when I was troubling over poor Bessy Fawkes, and it allays comes into my head when I'm sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them

above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me, and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all come pouring in:—if I felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, and them as prayed and drawed the lots, all but that wicked un, if they'd ha' done the right thing by you if they could, isn't there Them as was at the making on us, and knows better, and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-grown, and left the helpless children; and there's the breaking o' limbs; and them as 'ud do right and be sober have to suffer by them as are contrary—eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can never make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right as far as we know, and to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger not what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures and been so lone."

There is something to us ineffably touching in this dim, semi-articulate enunciation of the sublime and profoundest form of human faith. Stated as the arid dogma of theological mysticism, such a form appears repugnant to our understanding, and displeasing to our imagination; but it has a pregnant and affecting significance when we consider that by its faint yet mellow light, millions of men and women have been able to grope their way through the mysteries of life, arguing from the visible to the invisible, and confident that "if we who know so little, can see some good and some right, there must be a good and right higher and wider than we can know." After all, these neighbourly consolations of the uncultured village woman, so exalted in her simplicity, contain a deep vein of dreamy philosophy not unworthy of *Hamlet*. It is no small praise to George Eliot to have discovered, what is unquestionably the case, that these rude dwellers in obscure villages have an inner life of thought and faith as vigorous, and perhaps as fruitful, as the rich and the educated. We have not left ourselves space to trace out this same feeling in the author's delineation of the noble-minded Nancy. Suffice it to say, that she is in the main the counterpart to Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*, with the important difference that Dinah was an enthusiastic religionist, while Nancy's lofty character arose solely from an innate soberness and purity of disposition, without the introduction of any strong religious element.

In conclusion, we have only to say, that whilst we cannot suppose that *Silas Marner* will enjoy a very wide popularity, it is, in our opinion, a striking additional proof of the great powers and strength of the author. George Eliot has here taken up a new line, and it is not a little wonderful that the same hand which painted Hetty Sorrel, and Mrs. Poyser, and Parson Irwine, can depict with such power the varying phases of the life of Silas Marner; that the genius which was so skilful in the delineation of strongly-marked character, of deep passion, and keen feeling, should be equally effective in representing an indistinct, confused, and blurred existence, wherein character, passion, and feeling were for the greater part torpid and benumbed. *Silas Marner* is a book which nobody but George Eliot could have written; it is one which scarcely anybody would have expected George Eliot to write.

**THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL.**  
NJALS SAGA, or Niala, is one of the most famous of those lively biographical stories of the twelfth century, that, next to the poems of the Edda, form the finest part of Icelandic literature. Considering that the numbers of the population of Iceland never reached 100,000, and that these were constantly occupied in struggles against nature and one another, it is really astonishing that it should have produced such bands of ready writers—and some of them of the first class—from the time when Ari the Wise first wrote down his Records, in the beginning of the twelfth century, to the end of the Republic in 1264. Many of these writers, no doubt, were of Continental origin, and it is now the fashion for Norwegian professors to call the language "Old Norse," but it is far too late in the day to claim the works of Scalds and Sagamen, who were only too happy to be deemed Icelanders; and, at all events, the most patriotic Norsemen will allow that the biographical Sagas were, nearly all of them, home-made in the island.

Mr. Dasent shows good reason for supposing that "Njals Saga" was written before the year 1200 at least. We are surprised that he does not think it worth while to notice the fact of its having been ascribed by some to Sœmund Sigfusson. This famous compiler of the poems of the Elder Edda died in 1133, having been born among the scenes of the story, and having passed the latter part of his life as parish priest at Oddi, known in this translation as "the Point." It is remarkable that his name occurs in two of the genealogies as descended in the fourth degree from one of the personages in the story, and as connected with Njal himself; but the line is not, in either case, continued to his son Lopt, or his grandson Jon Loftson, the latter a man of considerable local fame: it is true, that in both places he is entitled "Sœmund the Wise," but it is doubtful whether this, his usual epithet, was anything more than a professional affix. Müller, in his "Sagabibliothek," is strongly inclined to father Njals Saga upon Sœmund.

Mr. Dasent's translation is a great effort, and the work is very nearly a model for future translators from the Icelandic. Every one who has endeavoured to follow a good simple author sentence by sentence, and "to find out the words and idioms of his own language which answer most fully and fairly to those of the language from which he is translating," will acknowledge the difficulty, and few will find that they succeed so well as Mr. Dasent. But why should this gentleman run the risk of losing some of his fair amount of praise by exaggerating the difficulties? He says that he began his work in 1843, and that then "there was no dictionary of the language," and yet he must have had by his side Bjorn Halderson's *Icelandic, Latin, and Danish Lexicon*. To say that Halderson is incomplete is what, alas, we know too well; and we have long been hoping that Mr. Dasent would let us see something of Mr. Cleasby's *Dictionary*; but, meanwhile, with Halderson alone, why should Mr. Dasent have found any such *stupendous* difficulties, supported as he must have been by his own translation of Rask's *Icelandic Grammar*, published in that year, 1843, and by the Latin translation of the "Njals Saga," published in 1809?

We allow that, with all the help of Latin translations, &c., there would still have been some difficulties, in the shape of those tough and unsavoury morsels of song that disfigure

\* *The Story of Burnt Njal; or, Life in Iceland at the End of the Tenth Century. From the Icelandic of the Njals Saga. By George Webbe Dasent, B.C.L. Two Vols. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)*

every Saga. Mr. Dasent has rendered them remarkably well, but we doubt whether he would not have done better in removing many of them into an appendix. The far-fetched conceits, harsh compounds, and want of rhyme, will always make them unattractive to the general reader, if not absolutely repulsive. And, this being certainly the case, in spite of some occasional poetical merit, we wonder that Mr. Dasent has not at least held out some inducement to the curious to look at his spirited version of the last and longest, and by far the grandest of them, by informing his readers that it is from the original of Gray's *Fatal Sisters*.

Now that we are picking out a few faults in the book, we must own that we cannot entirely acquit Mr. Dasent's style of affection. We have heard others say that it is not good English; we do not go so far ourselves, but we sometimes *do* think that it is a little easier to understand after reading the Icelandic. Moreover, we are not quite satisfied with his title; the story has always been known as Njals Saga, and *Burnt Njal* strikes us as clever, but rather catch-penny. It is true the Saga ends with the words, "Here end we Burnt Njals Saga," so that Mr. Dasent was justified in taking the title if it was a good one; but, in English, it seems to smell strangely like an article from the druggist's or the colour shop. We did not know what to think at our first introduction to Bork, son of Thorkell, as "the waxy-toothed blade;" we should have rendered his nick-name by "Beardie blue-tooth," but we see that our old friend Harald Blaaland is called "waxy-tooth" also, so that we can only hope that there is *something* in it. But really we must blame Mr. Dasent for calling Skarphedin's axe "the Ogre of War;" of course he knows that "Ogre" is derived from the Latin "Orcus," but he certainly seems to be laying a trap for some philologically-minded young reader when he quotes the original Icelandic word "Rimunugýr," adding in a note "literally, the 'Ogre of War.'" We must inform the reader in question that, though the latter half of the compound, "gyr," is generally supposed to mean "giantess," there is no other connection on earth with "ogre."

The Introduction consists of a brief description of Iceland, and valuable sketches of its public and social life. Mr. Dasent touches very slightly upon the religion, but sufficiently so to prove that he has a taste for creating gods out of the cloud and mist, and such-like, instead of tracing back their genealogies in the legitimate way. He very well illustrates the course of lawsuits, &c., and the nature of the office of the "Speaker of the Law," and of the tenure of the old heathen priesthoods, and the enmity of their holders against Njal.

One of the maps shows the entire field of action—Norway, Denmark, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as Iceland itself; but it is in the latter that the chief interest is centred, and that principally in one small corner of the south-west of the island; and accordingly one of the other maps is devoted to Njal's house and the neighbourhood. It includes the capital, Reykiavik, and the Thingvalla, where they held the Althing, at once the Parliament and general Court of Law; but they do not so much concern us as the land lying a little further south, a flat land, formed by rivers, mostly coming from the sides of Hecla; for there, in the "land isles," not far from the sea-shore, was Bergthorsknoll, the dwelling of the wise Njal.

The Saga divides itself into two great masses of tragic story: Mr. Dasent calls them "fittes." Each of them follows out the savage details of

a bloodfeud; but the savagery is so redeemed by the epic fire of portions of the action, and the picturesque gloom of others, by the heroic force and heroic tenderness of the great characters, and (above all) by the wonderful life and nature of the dialogue, that it is impossible not to be carried away by it; and we follow out the events with interest, and feel some sympathy with even the mere fighting-men.

Njal himself, the great central figure of both actions, was not a fighting-man:—

"He was so great a lawyer, that his match was not to be found. Wise, too, he was, and foreknowing and foresighted [that is to say, he was gifted with second sight]; of good counsel, and ready to give it; and all that he advised men was sure to be best for them to do. Bergthora was his wife's name: a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered. They had six children, three daughters and three sons."

The beginning of the first part describes the several Viking expeditions of Hrut and Gunnar. Njal is nearly lost sight of, but his influence is felt throughout; and whenever a wise deed is done, men say that Njal must have had a hand in it. He and Gunnar are fast friends. One day, soon after Gunnar's return from Denmark, he wishes to ride to the Althing; Njal warns him not, but Gunnar goes:—

"So Gunnar rode, and they all rode. But when they came to the Thing they were so well arrayed that none could match them in bravery; and men came out of every booth to wonder at them. . . . It happened one day that Gunnar went away from the Hill of Laws, and passed by the booths of the men from Mossfell; then he saw a woman coming to meet him, and she was in goodly attire; but when they met she spoke to Gunnar at once. He took her greeting well, and asks what woman she might be. Se told him her name was Hallgerda, and said she was Hanskuld's daughter, Dalakoll's son. She spoke up boldly to him, and bade him tell her of his voyages; but he said he would not gainsay her a talk. Then they sat them down and talked. She was so glad that she had on a red kirtle, and had thrown over her a scarlet cloak, trimmed with needle-work down to the waist. Her hair came down to her bosom, and was both fair and full."

It was natural that Njal should feel more forebodings than ever, when Gunnar proposed to wed this woman; for what had been said of her by her uncle Hrut, when she was a little child? Let us turn back to the first chapter of the Saga:—

"Hallgerda was playing on the floor with some other girls. She was fair of face and tall of growth, and her hair was as soft as silk; it was so long, too, that it came down to her waist. Hanskuld called out to her, 'Come hither to me, daughter.' So she went up to him, and he took her by the chin and kissed her; and after that she went away. Then Hanskuld said to Hrut, 'What dost thou think of this maiden? Is she not fair?' Hrut held his peace. Hanskuld said the same thing to him a second time, and then Hrut answered, 'Fair enough is this maid, and many will smart for it; but this I know not, whence thief's eyes have come into our race,'"

As Hallgerda grew up, she caught men with her long hair. Before Gunnar saw her, she had had two husbands: they had both fallen by the pole-axe of her foster-father, Thiostoff; but now Thiostoff was dead; and, moreover, each of her husbands had struck Hallgerda in the face; but Gunnar would not do so. Njal's forebodings were again disregarded.

Njal and Gunnar visited one another every winter. And now it was Njal's turn to be the host. Gunnar brought Hallgerda, and she insulted Bergthora in her own hall. Fends among the retainers followed. Njal and Gunnar had often to pay blood-fines; but Hallgerda could never force the noble-minded

Gunnar to follow up the quarrels with his sword, though he was the bravest man in Iceland.

At length, Hallgerda, among her other doings, does more than cast "thief's eyes" at other people's goods; and, one day, when Gunnar rides home from the Thing, he finds food such as is not to be looked for, and asks Hallgerda whence it comes?

"'Thence,' she says, 'whence thou mightest well eat of it; besides, it is no man's business to trouble himself with housekeeping.' Gunnar got wroth and said, 'Ill indeed is it if I am a partaker with thieves; and with that he gave her a slap on the cheek."

Now the end soon draws on. Gunnar is involved more and more in feuds of Hallgerda's making; and, at length, by a decree at the Althing, he is banished for three winters; but if Gunnar did not go abroad when he had a chance of passage, then he was to be slain by the kinsmen of those whom he had killed."

"Gunnar threw his arms round each of the household when he was 'boun,' and every one of them went out of doors with him; he leans on the butt of his spear, and leaps into the saddle, and he and [his brother] Kolskegg ride away. They ride down along Markfleit [the principal stream from Hecla], and just then Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him off. He turned with his face up towards the Litha and the homestead at Lithend, and said, 'Fair is the Litha, so fair that it has never seemed to me so fair; the corn-fields are white to harvest, and the home mead is mown; and now I will ride back home, and not fare abroad at all.' 'Do not this joy to thy foes,' says Kolskegg, 'by breaking thy atonement; for no man could think that thou wouldst do thus, and thou mayst be sure that all will happen as Njal has said.' 'I will not go away anywhither,' says Gunnar; 'and so I would thou shouldst do too.' 'That shall not be,' says Kolskegg; 'I will never do a base thing in this, nor in anything else which is left to my good faith; and this is that one thing that could tear us asunder; but tell this to my kinsmen and to my mother, that I never mean to see Iceland again; for I shall soon learn that thou art dead, brother, and then there will be nothing left to bring me back.'"

Here Gunnar's enemies learn that he is returned, without his brother. They plot against him. But the fear of him keeps them at bay for a long time. At last, in the autumn, they hear that he has sent away all his people to make an end of their haymaking. The enemies gather before the homestead at Lithend, and catch the hound Sam by cunning, and kill him. "The hound gave such a great howl that they thought it passing strange, and he fell down dead:—

"Gunnar woke up in his hall, and said, 'Thou hast been sorely treated, Sam, my fosterling, and this warning is so meant that our two deaths will not be far apart.' Thorgrim, the Easterling, went and began to climb up on the hall; Gunnar sees that a red kirtle passed before the window-slit, and thrusts out the bill, and smote him on the middle. Thorgrim's feet slipped from under him, and he dropped his shield, and down he toppled from the roof. Then he goes to Gisur and his band, as they sat on the ground. Gisur looked at him, and said, 'Well, is Gunnar at home?' 'Find that out for yourselves,' said Thorgrim; 'but this I am sure of, that his bill is at home,' and with that he fell down dead."

Gunnar drives them back three times with his arrows, and they are on the point of giving way, when he sends back one of their own arrows in derision; they think that his arrows are exhausted, and close up again, and one of them manages to cut Gunnar's bowstring:—

"Then Gunnar said to Hallgerda, 'Give me two locks of thy hair, and ye two, my mother and thou,

twist them together into a bowstring for me.' 'Does aught lie on it?' she says. 'My life lies on it,' he said, 'for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow.' 'Well,' says she, 'now I will call to thy mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me; and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short.' 'Every one has something to boast of,' says Gunnar, 'and I will ask thee no more for this.'

Soon after this he is overwhelmed:—

"They cast a cairn over Gunnar, and made him sit upright in the cairn. . . . Now this token happened at Lithend, that the neat-herd and the serving-maid were driving cattle by Gunnar's cairn. They thought that he was merry, and that he was singing inside the cairn. Now these two, Skarphedinn [a son of Njal] and Hogni [a son of Gunnar], were out of doors one evening, by Gunnar's cairn, on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright, but every now and then the clouds drove over them. Then all at once they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the cairn, and looked at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning in the cairn, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw that Gunnar was merry, and he wore a joyful face. He sang a song, and so loud that it might have been heard though they had been further off."

The preceding description is the only supernatural scene in the Saga, besides the vision of *The Fatal Sisters*, related after the account of Brian Boroihme's battle of Clontarf. Gunnar's death ends the first part. We have not time to trace out the story any further, but we must make room for two more extracts.

"Njal woke up early and heard how Skarphedinn's axe came against the panel. Then Njal rises up and goes out, and sees that his sons are all there with their weapons, and Kari, his son-in-law, too. Skarphedinn was foremost. He was in a blue cape, and had a targe, and his axe aloft on his shoulder. Next to him went Helgi; he was in a red kirtle, had a helm on his head, and a red shield on which a hart was marked. Next to him went Kari; he had on a silken jerkin, a gilded helm and shield, and on it was drawn a lion. They were all in bright holiday clothes.

"Njal called out to Skarphedinn, 'Whither art thou going, kinsman?' 'On a sheep hunt,' he said. 'So it was once before,' said Njal, 'but then ye hunted men.' Skarphedinn laughed at that, and said, 'Hear ye what the old man says? he is not without his doubts.' 'When was it that thou spakest thus before?' asks Kari. 'When I slew Sigmund the White,' says Skarphedinn, 'Gunnar of Lithend's kinsman.'

"Now it happened to Skarphedinn, as they ran down along the Fleet, that his shoe-string snapped asunder, and he stayed behind. 'Why so slow, Skarphedinn?' quoth Grim. 'I am tying my shoe,' he says. 'Let us get on ahead,' says Kari, 'methinks he will not be slower than we.' So th' y turn off to the tongue, and run as fast as they can. Skarphedinn sprang up as soon as he was ready, and had lifted his axe, 'the ogress of war,' aloft, and runs right down to the Fleet. But the Fleet was so deep that there was no fording it for a long way up or down. A great sheet of ice had been thrown up by the flood on the other side of the Fleet, as smooth and slippery as glass, and there Thrain and his men stood in the middle of the sheet. Skarphedinn takes a spring into the air, and leaps over the stream between the ice-banks, and does not check his course, but rushes still onwards with a slide. The sheet of ice was very slippery, and so he went as fast as a bird flies. Thrain was just about to put his helm on his head; and now Skarphedinn bore down on them, and hews at Thrain with his axe, 'the ogress of war,' and smote him on the head, and clove him down to the teeth, so that his jaw-teeth fell out on the ice. Thisfeat was done with such a quick sleight that no one could get a blow at him; he glided away from them at once at full speed. Tjorvi, indeed, threw his shield before him on the ice but he leapt over it, and still kept his feet, and slid quite to the end of the sheet of ice. There Kari and

his brothers came to meet him. 'This was done like a man,' says Kari. 'Your share is still left,' says Skarphedinn, and sang a song."

Skarphedinn was always in feuds. At length his own violence, and the wiliness of the arch-tempter Mord, led him to suspect and slay the son of Thrain, Hanskuld, the foster-child and darling of old Njal. It was adjudged at the Althing that Njal should pay an enormous fine. He manages to raise the sum; but Skarphedinn is drawn into another quarrel, and Njal's enemies refuse the fine and pursue the feud.

Njal was now about eighty years old. It was the year 1011: the Change of Faith had taken place eleven years before, and Iceland was Christian. And so, when the great crisis came, and the implacable foes of Skarphedinn had beset Bergthorsknoll, but cannot get hold of the bold brethren, then the leader of the band, Flosi, says:—

"Now there are but two choices left, and neither of them good. One is to turn away, and that is our death; the other, to set fire to the house, and burn them inside it; and that is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves. But still we must take to that counsel."

"Now they took fire, and made a great pile before the doors. Then Skarphedinn said, 'What, lads! are ye lighting a fire, or are ye taking to cooking?' . . . Then Flosi and his men made a great pile before each of the doors, and then the women-folk who were inside began to weep and to wail. Njal spoke to them and said, 'Keep up your hearts, nor utter shrieks, for this is but a passing storm, and it will be long before ye have another such; and put your faith in God, and believe that he is so merciful that he will not burn us both in this world and the next.' Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong."

Now Flosi let all the women and children and house-carles go free.—

"Then Flosi went to the door and called out to Njal, and said he would speak with him and Bergthora. Now Njal does so, and Flosi said, 'I will offer thee, Master Njal, leave to go out, for it is unworthy that thou shouldst burn indoors.' 'I will not go out,' said Njal, 'for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame.' Then Flosi said to Bergthora, 'Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors.' 'I was given away to Njal young,' said Bergthora, 'and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate.' After that they both went back into the house. 'What counsel shall we now take?' said Bergthora. 'We will go to our bed,' says Njal, 'and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest.' Then she said to the boy Thord, Kari's son, 'Thee will I take out, and thou shalt not be burnt in here.' 'Thou hast promised me this, grandmother,' says the boy, 'that we shall never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njal than to live after you.' Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njal spoke to his steward and said, 'Now shalt thou see where we lay us down, and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence, whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones.' He said he would do so. There had been an ox slaughtered, and the hide lay there. Njal told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so.

"So there they lay them down both of them in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter."

#### THE ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.\*

THIS handsome and massive scarlet volume, so richly illustrated, is written in a fresh,

\* *The English Sportsman in the Western Prairies.* By Hon. Granby F. Berkeley, author of *Life in the Forests of France*. (Hurst and Blackett.)

hearty style, by a sporting writer by no means feeble at description, and is in all that relates to sporting honest and true; though here and there steals across us a whiff from the stable or a snatch or two of groans' language, that reminds us of Mr. Berkeley's *Consule Planc*, when he was hotter-blooded and stronger-fisted—when he strode over the turf defiant, arms theatrically akimbo, or would leap from the Gloucestershire Election platform to thrash a noisy and Radical potwallop. But since then, Mr. Berkeley, though still too prone to resort to the *ultima ratio* of gentlemen, has sobered down; and as a punctual correspondent of the *Field* newspaper, went to America to shoot buffalos and write letters, which, reprinted in this volume, serve to show at once Mr. Berkeley's industry and his sportsmanship, his keen eye and still untiring hand. Who, fifty years ago, could ever have supposed our proud sprigs of the nobility would have turned reporters for sporting newspapers? Time, Time, thou bringest thy revenges!

In August, 1856, Mr. Berkeley started from Liverpool in the Cunard steamer 'Africa' for America. His suite consisted of his blood-hound, Druid,—his two retrievers, Brutus and Alice,—his setter, Chance,—and his deer-lurcher, Bar: a suite, by the bye, that seems to have been for months the torment of nearly every hotel, steamboat, and railway in America. Our hero carried with him a perfect arsenal of weapons; indeed enough to fill a show-room in the Tower, or arm a regiment of volunteers. They consisted of two double-shot guns (J. Marston's), a single rifle, a double shot gun (Pape, of Newcastle), a double breech-loading rifle, a breech-loading carbine, a powerful double rifle by Collins, a revolver lent him by a friend in the Guards, an East Indian dirk, and a clasp knife, which contained a lancet, tweezers, and corkscrew. Of course, for any one less an epicure in guns than Mr. Berkeley, a double rifle and a revolver would have been sufficient to go through the world with. Nor do we wonder to find that, just as he got within sight of the prairies, he had spent nearly all his money, and had to throw himself on the liberality of one of those very American gentlemen he elsewhere trudges.

At last, after railing at all American customs (half of which he does not understand), he buys an ambulance wagon with a cover to be drawn by two mules, and another to be drawn by four mules to carry his men and provision for six weeks; a smaller one-mule wagon was for the everlasting dogs that so much worried the hotel-keepers. Then there was the ponderous arm-chest, a provision chest, picket-pins and ropes, spare harness, halters, camp kettles, water buckets, axes, hatchets, spades, &c. Away at last they move into the plains, where Mr. Berkeley's troubles begin, for he soon misses his bed and his iced wine, and dislikes the straightforward bold independence of his "helps." His overseer, too, he finds has the ague and is ill twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Gradually the waggons move out of range of Kansas city, over vast plains of brown spear-grass, with only a wild sunflower or a snake-root blossom to enliven the desert of boundless meadow. It is after some days of grouse and dotterel shooting that suddenly, in a creek where he is looking for some teal he has shot, Mr. Berkeley comes on his first Indian, whom he describes very picturesquely. A short attack of fever follows and a rest at an American fort, where our author hears many stories of the Indian wars. The buffalo plains draw near: two days' march from Fort Riley, and they are to be in sight;

the guns are loaded; the knife's edge looked to; every eye watches the russet, undulating horizon-line. Suddenly the three foremost horsemen stop: two stare intently forward; the third tosses up his hand as a signal to Mr. Berkeley, who is behind. Thirty buffalo are in sight; they stand out mountain-large against the sky, their beards and manes streaming in the wind. Then comes the alarm of the bulls, their jolting canter, and the hot pursuit; the charge; the fatal shot; and the slicing out, as trophies, of the buffalo's tongue and the hump rib. In his first day's sport Mr. Berkeley, however, bags a buffalo, which is more than hunters generally do. We have heard Americans say that the excitement is so great that the first day or two is generally spent in incessantly firing off one's revolver uselessly.

The enormous muscular growth of the buffalo, his vast sweep of ribs, his strong hocks, and his short, large-boned legs, seem to have struck the English sportsman. Though eloquent on grouse soup and the deliciousness of blue teal, Mr. Berkeley does not think much of the bison meat that writers generally rave about. He says it was just like tough lean beef, with no flavour in it; but we must remember that Mr. Berkeley was not quite well of an attack of fever when he had to pronounce on the merits of the bull-beef. But of his own tit-bit he speaks warmly:—

"Before reaching the plains all the Americans were ringing in my ears the deliciousness of the buffalo meat. 'Reckon, sir, you've nothing like it in the old country. Yes, sir, just about a treat you air going to have; yes, sir, you'll have something to speak on, when you go back, that's a fact.' When I came to test the matter, I found that it was the 'hump rib,' not the hump itself, that was the best part of the bison, and the meat along and on either side the loin, the tongue, and oh, shade of Eude, the marrow-bones! No man can guess what marrow amounts to until he has been to the Far West and eaten it as Wallace, who cooked on the plains for me, dressed it. The bone was brought to table in its full length, and they had some way of hitting it with the back of an axe which opened one side of it only, like the lid of a box. The bone then, when this lid was removed, exposed in its entire length a regular white roll of unbroken marrow, beautifully done. When hot, as the lid had kept it, and put on thin toast, it was perfection! On inquiry, I found that the two extreme ends of the marrow-bone only were placed on the red embers, and the heat of the bone itself dressed the marrow."

The English sportsman gives excellent descriptions of stalking buffalos. He describes the intense thrill of delight as the hiding hunter sees the great dun-coloured hill of flesh moving through the grass. Occasionally, a ferocious black head rises up and stares about. The hunter seems a mere frog at his feet. They fire a broadside, and he lies down sullenly, to roll out the next moment dead.

Of one particular chase Mr. Berkeley gives a vivid account. He is mounted on a restive horse, which increases his danger. The horse is white with foam; the veins in his neck swell. Hearing the *quadrupedante* of the pursuing hoofs, the buffalo breaks into a trot, then draws up his huge head and tail, and facing suddenly with a sort of side-swing prepares to charge, flinging up the torn turf with his sharp hoofs, and dashing in at the hunter. Each time he charges, the practised horseman retreats and bears down again on the buffalo till he can get time to take careful aim.

"So I raised my carbine, when Taymouth sprang like a deer for yards on one side, and continued to toss his head. 'Well, then; soho, boy!' and sooth-ing my horse, I walked him in circles round the bull, who now did not even condescend always to keep his horns to me, perpetually raising my car-

bine as if to fire, till Taymouth got quite used to it, and shied not at all. 'Soho, boy,' still nearing the bull, when, gently checking my horse to a standstill so near the foe that he again threatened to charge, and was about to turn on me, I shot him just behind and close above the elbow, my horse standing to perfection. He never moved; it was the death-blow; but in an instant again the carbine was reloaded and levelled, and again the conical ball this time gave the *coup de grâce*. The monster swayed for a second to and fro, and as he fell dead on his side upon the plain the English death halloo rang aloft and reached the only ear on the plains that understood it.

"No sooner had he fallen than my sensible steed absolutely wished to go up to him, when, having permitted him to smell the carcass, I dismounted, and, with the rein across my elbow, and with a steel now thus perfectly made, I sat on the body of the vanquished foe, to pat and make much of my horse, to contemplate the picture, and to scan the scene, in order to ascertain where I was."

With the usual disposition of travellers and the usual ambition of sportsmen, Mr. Berkeley, however, makes too much of his prowess over the buffalos. After all, the buffalo is a lumbering, awkward, stupid animal, unaccustomed to man and his artifices, easily stalked and easily killed. With a practised horse, who is not too shy or too bold,—if the one, he will not go near enough; if the other, he will go too near,—buffalo-hunting is sure to be successful. You chase the herd, ride to within twenty yards, then fire at the bull's heart with the revolver, discharging all six barrels, till your prey drops. The buffalo will always get away if he can, and if he does pursue, nothing is easier than to "dodge" so clumsy an antagonist. Jack, as in the fairy stories, is sure to be too much for the giant; indeed, no one is fool enough in America to pride himself on killing buffalo. Every small tradesman in the border cities takes his vacation out in the prairies, and does there just what Mr. Berkeley has done, but without brag. Invalids of all ranks of life in America are sent to the "prairies," to be braced, just as with us men go to Brighton or Scarborough. If the invalid is young enough and strong enough, out he goes buffalo-hunting, and soon does as well as the best. A man must be a bad shot who could not hit a showman's caravan when moving.

So much for Mr. Berkeley's sporting experiences, in which it is but justice to say, he appears always the true-born Nimrod—staunch, dauntless, sagacious, cool and yet ardent, quick of eye and untiring of foot, yet somewhat too coarse, dogmatic, and tyrannical even when dealing with his dependents, whom he represents himself as perpetually threatening, brow-beating, and punishing.

No wonder that a nature so aristocratic in grain felt pained by the somewhat rough and careless independence of the Americans. That servants should not fawn and cringe, or maintain any slavish obsequiousness, seems to have astonished and chafed Mr. Berkeley. That hotel-keepers should not allow any infringement of the rules of their house, that there should be no first-class railway carriages for him, seems to have much distressed this sensitive traveller. On American manners Mr. Berkeley writes rather too bitterly. He is severe as usual on the hackneyed subject of spitting, and declares that the ladies' dresses in the railway carriages are stained three inches deep from this practice—*three feet* Mr. Berkeley had it in his first letter to the *Field*.

Now no wonder Mr. Berkeley writes sorely about the American manners. It was such malicious and untrue statements as these that led to the American press opening on him a perfect cannonade and a true bombardment of abuse and scorn. In one place this author

laughs at a deputation of American colonels, who kindly came to receive him on his arrival at a certain city. He makes this civility a text for abuse of the *adulation of rank*, so common (he says) in America. Now what was really the fact? Why it was this: Mr. Berkeley came out to America, not as a nobleman, but as the paid travelling reporter for an English sporting newspaper. From the *Field* he brought innumerable letters of introduction, that procured him civilities which as a *mere* indirect nobleman he would never have heard of. The colonels he ridicules were the editor's friends, who came to the station to welcome the *Field's* reporter.

Were Americans, indeed, alive to the affectations of *parvenu-ism*, they would have been puzzled at the airs a real English nobleman gave himself. Can anything be more odious than the following specimen of the way an English gentleman tried to overpower a humble American?—

"Having solicited the attention of the chief steward, I then and there, and by way of a happy lesson to him, procured a bottle of claret, two bottles of soda water, a lemon and sugar, a glass of sherry, and sighed because I could not obtain a slice from a fresh cucumber. Then, all having been well iced, and one of the bottles of soda water not mixed with the wine, but kept back for the purpose of being amalgamated with the other ingredients when the whole were put on the table for drinking, I cast myself into a comfortable arm-chair, and prepared myself to enjoy a quiet dinner.

"Before I quite rested thus from the fatigue of travelling, I desired the steward to fill himself a glass of Badminton, when, on his expressing his satisfaction, I told him that henceforth and for ever by that mixture he would be able to distinguish the real Englishman, nobleman, and gentleman, from the mere English adventurer and the vulgar ass, who, by aping eccentricity or other affectation, desired to pass himself off for a great man. The steward had only to ask the traveller in hot weather if he should make him some 'Badminton,' when, if he declined, or expressed ignorance of what the mixture was, then he certainly was no peer. Laughing at the serious and thankful way in which the steward seemed resolved to bear himself in regard to these injunctions, I dismissed him, and gave myself up to reflection."

To any one who has travelled or learnt at all to repress his prejudices, Mr. Berkeley's observations on American customs are simply foolish and ignorant. It is merely a sporting Englishman objecting to anything different to what he has been accustomed to. He laughs at the American trotting horses, because we English prefer flat races; he dislikes street railroads, because we have not any; he dislikes independent poor people, because here the poor man is taught to be obsequious to the rich; he laughs at box stirrups, because he has hitherto used iron ones; he derides the American saddle with the knob for the lasso, because he has hitherto lived in a country where lassoes are not used. In fact, he is as pugnacious, obstinate, one-sided a John Bull as ever crossed the Atlantic to write a one-sided book.

If a traveller wishes for annoyances, he could not assume a manner more likely to draw them on him than that with which Mr. Berkeley seems to have armed himself. Be polite and obliging, and Americans are civil to you; their manner one soon learns and gets accustomed to. That manner is seldom offensive but when it is put on as a defence against some perilous, affected assumption, which always turns an American at once into a porcupine. All we wonder is, if Mr. Berkeley went through the States collaring this "bhoy," defying that, rating Ezra, and chiding Amos, how he escaped the too ready knife and pistol, especially at St. Louis and Kansas city, where

the rowdy wears no kid gloves, and is not particular what he "whips," whether it be wild cat or alligator.

It was with great regret that we read in an American paper,—soon after Mr. Berkeley's violent abuse of Yankee manners, his lamentations that there were no London sparrows in New York, and so on,—an angry but not intemperate article, in which the writer said that if such ignorant abuse of America as Mr. Berkeley's was repeated, they must really advise American gentlemen to shut their doors against English authors for the future. We ourselves see nothing ridiculous in the sensibility of Americans to our exaggerated stories of their eccentricities. They value our good opinion, and cannot bear unjustly to lose it. They know also that our stories of them permeate through Europe, and have a wider influence than theirs of us. We all know how bitter it is to find a friend joining in the laugh against us.

No thoughtful man can, we think, stop to sneer at tobacco-chewing and fast eating, or such trifles, when he finds in America so much to praise (by the bye, almost the only thing in America Mr. Berkeley defends is slavery); when he sees a universally happy and free people—untaxed, indomitable—spreading fast over the vast regions Nature has prepared for their enjoyment; when he has observed their restless energy and enterprise, their chivalrous adoption of all improvements, their originality and primal freshness of intellect and spirit. No doubt the American is reckless of life, rashly courageous, and hot-blooded, somewhat feverish in impulse, in a measure impatient of control; but every writer should remember in his favour how deeply and ardently he, God's pioneer, urges civilization forward across the prairie, pushing out, as it were, piers and arches to bridge over the blankness that still divides the Southern States from the golden Mexico that will one day be American.

#### MEMOIR OF JOSHUA WATSON.\*

WE are not commonly admirers of religious biographies. Their gross exaggeration as frequently insults our intellect, as the narrowness of their party spirit does violence to our taste. We recognize, therefore, with the greater pleasure the merits of the truthful and unaffected portraiture which Archdeacon Churton, one of the ablest and most esteemed of living divines, has drawn of one of the worthiest of a class not less valuable to the Church than that of her consecrated ministers and teachers—the class of her filial and earnest laity—the class of Evelyn, and Sandys, and Nelson, and Temple.

A churchman without narrowness, a man of business yet the reverse of mercenary, clear in judgment and consistent in principle, blessed with ample means, and animated with a burning and unselfish desire of doing good,—such a counsellor and such a benefactor may well form the very salt of a religious community. And such a son and servant the Church of England possessed, for the period of a prolonged lifetime, in the person of Joshua Watson. Without laying claim to brilliant talents or speculative genius, he could command universal respect by the practical force of his character. In his entire life and influence we see exemplified the wholesome truth that the moral, not the intellectual forces, form the most potent elements

as well of individual success as of social benefit. We will endeavour to set before our readers, by the aid of the narrative before us, the most striking and interesting features of the career and the character of this exemplary and useful public servant.

The education of Joshua Watson had been conducted by his father with a view to his succession to his own mercantile calling. In his tenth year he was placed at a private school at Newington Butts, kept by a Mr. Crawford and his son William, afterwards Archdeacon of Carmarthen. From the same academy his elder brother was shortly after removed to the Charterhouse; the younger, not without a yearning for his senior's more intellectual and honourable career, being prepared for the labours of the counting-house, and admitted as a clerk, at the age of fifteen, into his father's offices in Mincing Lane. Under the care of both father and son, the house attained a high degree of prosperity, chiefly by means of extensive contracts for the various departments of government. And from this source was derived the ample fortune which, under the impulse of large and untiring liberality, was the means of scattering numberless benefits, as well of a public as of a private kind, during the long life of which the record lies before us.

By diligent use of opportunities, however scanty, the young merchant contrived to pick up a considerable acquaintance with classical and general literature, though how obtained, when questioned upon the subject in after-life, "he could not at all tell: it all came by chance." His reading in early years was quite unguided, but his own choice led him to form a collection of the best historians and poets, to which a growing, and eventually a ruling, taste for theological subjects led him to add a wide and profound study of the classical English divines. His opinions were thus moulded in the grand school of Hooker, Barrow, Taylor, Bull, and Stanhope. Together with a serious and earnest spirit of religion, the genial glow of a happy temperament, in itself no unimportant condition to the attainment of old age, was conspicuous from the very boyhood of Joshua Watson, so that good King George III., near whom he happened to be brought at a place of public entertainment, was heard to say to some of his attendants, "Look at that happy boy!"

In his whole personal intercourse with friends in after-life, as well as in his correspondence, a happy warmth of disposition and kindly playfulness of manner are to be traced. True religion in him sobered, without saddening, this native mirthfulness of heart. Not a taint of sorness or sectarianism was perceptible in his large-hearted and liberal piety. Through life Watson was associated with most of the leading philanthropists and public benefactors of the time; and he was ever ready with purse and counsel to initiate or second every good work in the cause of charity, religion, or education. Among the friends who were commonly knit together with him in undertakings of this nature may be more particularly mentioned William Stevens, for many years the respected Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty; and Jonathan Boucher, the staunch loyalist Churchman, whose attachment to the cause of King George cost him his preferments in America at the outbreak of the revolutionary war. Interesting notices of both these excellent men have been supplied by the editor's careful researches.

Like many earnest spirits of the time, they were both strongly tinged with the peculiar mystic tenets of the enthusiast Hutchinson, as

was also another able and devout friend of Watson's, Van Mildert, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Durham. Nor did Watson himself escape without a struggle from the influence which biassed so many wise and exemplary men, fanciful and ephemeral as it may now appear in the light of a more philosophic and critical theology. Such, on the other hand, was the confidence generally reposed in Watson's sound sense and cultivated judgment, that men of the profoundest learning were happy to avail themselves of his advice and critical opinion in their most important theological compositions. Even Van Mildert, one of the best and most judicious divines of his day, scarcely ventured to submit his *Bampton Lectures* to the judgment of the public, until they had undergone a careful and searching revision at the hands of his lay censor.

Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity and brother of the poet, the Rev. H. A. Norris, rector of Hackney, and Thomas Sikes, vicar of Guisborough, were no less close and warm associates in the same studious and religious fraternity; under whose auspices the *British Critic* was purchased about the year 1811, and the *Christian Remembrancer* first started in 1818, both being directed towards the diffusion of a more decided kind of churchmanship than had been prevalent for many generations. Within the same circle may be said to have been engendered that body of moderate and practical Church sentiment which still remains stable and secure against the extreme forms of Romish and Latitudinarian development.

Through another of these friends, John Bowles, a political collaborateur with Gifford in the *Quarterly Review* and similar organs of conservative polemics, Watson became for a time associated with William Cobbett, better known on his arrival on this side of the Atlantic by his first political name of "Peter Porcupine." His reputation as having stemmed the tide of republicanism in America, joined with the fact of his having been subject to prosecution in Philadelphia, tended to invest Cobbett, on his first introduction into this country, with something of the attributes of a martyr. The unscrupulousness of the man, however, in pushing his own selfish aims, his self-sufficiency and coarse style of invective, rapidly alienated him from those who were ready to be his allies in conservatism.

In the year 1814, at the age of forty-three, Joshua Watson retired from all direct connection with mercantile pursuits, for the undivided prosecution of that higher calling in which he seemed most at home—the furtherance of public and private good. A wide sphere of pious and useful labour opened itself to his energies. In the same year we find him acting as secretary in the management of a fund for the relief of the unhappy sufferers in Germany under the horrors of the later campaigns of Napoleon. Never, perhaps, was British benevolence more signally displayed in the cause of foreign distress. An association was promptly organised in the city of London:—

"A King's letter was obtained for a collection in the churches, and Parliament made a grant of £100,000, payable to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But Archbishop Sutton had so great a dread of becoming a public accountant, that he would almost have declined the trust, had not Joshua Watson again come to his assistance, and made such an agreement with the Bank of England as relieved him from the toil of figures and calculations. By a skilful co-operation with local committees formed on the Continent, the disbursement and distribution of money was so managed that Sir George Rose, who was long conversant with the business of the Treasury, declared that no such specimen of clear and exact

\* *Memoir of Joshua Watson.* Edited by Edward Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland. In Two Vols. 8vo. (Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker.)

accounts as this had ever come under his eye. (i. 152).

"Subsequently the Waterloo Fund, a sum of near £500,000, raised for the widows and orphans of those who fell in that short and glorious campaign, was left very much to his management and that of one other member of the committee, to which it had been entrusted." (i. 102.)

Of the venerable Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and that for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he was throughout a liberal and active supporter, and held the office of treasurer of the latter from 1814 to 1833, having surrendered, in 1828, that of the Clergy Orphan School. In the foundation of King's College, London, in the latter year, he took a no less active part, and was from the first a member of the council.

The year 1811 was made memorable in the annals of the Church of England, by the foundation of the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church. Its origin dates from the meeting of three friends—Norris, Bowles, and Watson—at the house of the last-named. He became treasurer of the institution from the date of its commencement; he watched over its prosperity and efficiency with unceasing and laborious care; nor was his pecuniary support or interest withdrawn when, after thirty years of diligent service, he resigned the stewardship of its funds into other hands. With a far-seeing view of the dangers to which its distinctive principle would be exposed, from the encroachment of the Government policy of secular education, he was strenuous, though ultimately without success, in declining the aid of public grants of money towards the objects of the society.

The extension of the episcopate in the Colonies and India formed another great object of his solicitude. Bishops Middleton, Inglis, and Broughton, appointed respectively to the sees of Calcutta, Nova Scotia, and Australia, were not only bound to him by more than common ties of Christian friendship, but were largely indebted to him for the pecuniary means of furthering objects essential to their sacred mission. To a careful memorial drawn up by him upon the history and prospects of Christianity in the East, for presentation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was due the first impulse of this movement, which founded Bishops' College, Calcutta: £50,000 being the fruits of a royal letter, and grants of £5000 being added from each of the three principal Church societies. The Church College at Windsor, Nova Scotia, was another object of his care; and in the same spirit he subsequently supported that of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, presenting to it the greater portion of his valuable library.

An incident is mentioned by his biographer at the period of the agitation connected with Reform, which happily illustrates the advance in public decorum and respect for religion to which the last generation had been witness, as well as the power which at all times resides in sober reason and honest good sense to detect and baffle the would-be misleaders of the multitude.

"One who had some practical acquaintance with the condition of London at this period, went to attend and hear a famous infidel lecturer at the Rotunda on a Sunday evening. The lecture consisted chiefly of a recitation of a part of Milton's *Paradise Regained*, intermixed with a running comment of low buffoonery on the history of the Temptation. After this had gone on a good part of an hour, a working-man among the audience, in a plain russet jacket, calling to the lecturer by name, said, 'Argument! argument!' The effect of these two calm words was electrical; the orator paused, like a man half-choked with rage. The rest of the hearers,

who appeared to have come more out of idle curiosity than zeal for irreligion, hailed his confusion with peals of laughter, more loud than any which his previous scurril jests had called forth. Then, scarcely recovering himself, he turned towards the person who had interrupted him, and repeated his word: 'Argument! I will give you such argument as none of your priests, with all their craft, shall be able to answer.' 'Do so,' said the man in fustian, 'and then our time will not be wasted.' The result, however, was, that the purpose of the entertainment was sufficiently exposed by those two simple, honest words. The spirit of the infidel advocate was rebuked. He tried to fall back into his buffoonery, but with little success. The assembly, which consisted of a few hundreds, chiefly of the lower ranks, broke up by degrees; as some were ashamed, and others wearied, to continue listening; and this attempt, which at first had given some uneasiness to the friends of religion and virtue, ended in nothing. The orator on this occasion was an unhappy renegade priest, who had once been an officiating minister of the Church of England." (i. 322.)

The agitation which ushered in, and for a long time followed, the Reform measure of 1832, could not but inspire uneasiness and alarm in so devout a son of the Anglican establishment. At his house in Park Street many were the gatherings of sympathising friends of the Church, conspicuous among whom were the poets Southey and Wordsworth. The latter, dining with him, as his journal records, Dec. 22, 1830, is described as "most eloquent on the subject of the times, very high-minded, but very gloomy in his anticipations." A scheme was drawn up by Watson's own hand for an ecclesiastical commission, designed to meet the crying demand for Church reform, by modifications of a less sweeping character than those ultimately inaugurated by the appointment of the government board. It met with general approval at the hands of the Conservatives, including the Duke of Wellington and the Primate Howley, but failed to satisfy the then premier Lord Grey, and so dropped to the ground.

With more practical success he next threw himself into the movement then beginning to be felt at Oxford, for resisting the threatened spoliation of the Church and revolution in her liturgy. The celebrated address of confidence to the Primate, signed by more than 7000 of the clergy, from which really dates the great Tractarian controversy, was followed up by a lay declaration echoing the same sentiments, penned by Watson, which in a short time received the signatures of 230 heads of families. It was presented to the Premier in February 1834, and was productive of most beneficial results, in eliciting and consolidating the latent feeling of loyalty and attachment on the part of the laity to the interests of the Church and the Crown. Joshua Watson was thus brought into close personal relations with the leading agents in the new Oxford school.

By the estimable H. J. Rose his friendship and advice were sought and valued; and Newman, though not apparently on terms of close intimacy with him, dedicated to him, in 1842, a volume of his sermons. In testimony to the value publicly set upon his services to the Church, the University of Oxford had as early as the 23rd of June, 1819, conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

From the extreme views and startlingly rash procedure of his Oxford friends, however, his moderate and sagacious temper led him early to recoil; and he is found, in his letters and conversations, uttering melancholy presages of the catastrophe to which the most prominent of them were hurrying. The peaceful enjoyment of his declining years was embittered, to no slight extent, by the defection to the Romish communion of so many whose talents

and virtues had endeared them to his heart. Domestic sorrow, too, the almost inevitable penalty of prolonged age, cast its shadow broadly across his later path. It was met by him in the spirit of Christian patience and faith, and seemed but to call into more beautiful and touching relief the serene graces of his heart and reason. His wife, whom he had married in 1797, a woman of striking talent and most exemplary disposition, was taken from him in 1831. Neither of their two sons lived beyond infancy, and their only daughter, Mary Sikes, long the solace of his later life, died in 1840, only two years after her marriage with the Rev. H. M. Wagner, vicar of Brighton. The mourner's comfort in his declining years was ministered to with pious care by his brother's children, who had been deprived of their father, Archdeacon J. J. Watson, in the year 1839. By one of these affectionate nieces the concluding portion of the biography has been penned. His own expressive allusion to the evening of the life of Wilberforce—"Does he not set beautifully?"—may be applied with no less truth to the serene and mellow light in which the sun of his own earthly day went gently down, diffusing a quiet radiance on the circle he was about to quit, such as best blends "with calm decay and Peace divine." He expired in perfect tranquillity, at Clapton, on the 30th of January, 1855.

#### REPUBLIC OF FOOLS.\*

WIELAND, with Klopstock, Lessing, and Herder, all of them born towards the end of the first half of the eighteenth century, claim more attention from the student of German literature than is due to their merits as writers alone. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, a little more than a century back, German literature had no existence. At that time most Germans were not ashamed to acquiesce in the opinion that their language was the language of horses, while those who did write in it, indemnified themselves by disguising their thoughts in a classic form, and winging them with a French flippancy. Now it is held as second to none, even by those who have never read a syllable in it, and it has done more to form the minds of the better educated than perhaps they themselves are aware. It would be wrong to assert that the men whose names we have mentioned were the originators of this change. All that can be said is, that they were the spokesmen of a German protest against dogmatism and twaddle in literary matters. The German mind, excited perhaps by the bold speculations of the French philosophers, determined to think a little for itself, and find out whether there was salvation outside the limits laid down by its Graeco-Gallic teachers. So the writers in question appeared, and in their several ways gave an affirmative answer to these inquiries.

Lessing was the great reformer. But his services, varied though they were, were emphatically critical. Klopstock and Wieland, preceding him by a few years, and representing respectively the spiritual and material tendencies in literature, more properly began the movement. They did this by example rather than by precept. They laid down no new canons. In fact, they did not get rid of the German reverence for foreign models at all. They were both essentially imitative, but they both were great respecters of what was natural. This was the first decided step towards better things. With regard to Wieland in particular,

\* *The Republic of Fools.* Translated from the German of C. M. von Wieland. By Henry Christmas. In 2 vols. (Wm. H. Allen, and Co. 1861.)

it may at first sight seem contradictory that a man who was always imitating the very models which German taste was anxious to displace, should be reckoned as one of the leaders in the movement which succeeded in displacing them. His mind was saturated with French ideas, as far as a German mind can be with anything so entirely uncongenial. The very names, "Musarion" and "Agathon," as well as that of the present work, bear witness to his hankering after classical associations. The truth is, that it was his irrepressible geniality which really made him a literary reformer. Although the names of his personages may have a Greek termination, and although they dispise themselves with French airs and graces, they still act, and with some exceptions talk, as we can imagine people to do under the circumstances given. His special crusade was against the stiffness, the rhodomontade, and the whine of his predecessors. He may not have been—probably for some time was not—aware that he was making a crusade at all. But still the naturalness and the liveliness of his writings were producing their effects. Thus it was that he played his part in the great movement.

We do not see any benefit conferred upon the British public by the translation of the work before us. By far the most taking of Wieland's compositions are his metrical tales. The liveliness, fluency, and power of versification which characterize the *Oberon* have never been surpassed. It is, moreover, very amusing, at least to people who have still a natural and unsophisticated taste for reading about love and fighting and impossible adventure. The present volumes contain, as the title leads us to expect, a history of the notoriously silly inhabitants of Abdera, and their behaviour to their extremely sensible and not over-agreeable fellow-townsman, Democritus. The latter has just returned from his grand tour. He finds them assiduously making fools of themselves, an exercise in which he assists them to the top of their bent. The different divisions of the work—Democritus among the Abderites, Hippocrates among the Abderites, Euripides among the Abderites—are each devoted to the development of some separate absurdity; and the whole ends with a so-called Key, in which the author informs us that it came into his head to compose the work one day when he was looking out of the window; that there are Abderitans everywhere throughout the world; and that he does not allude to any one in particular. The treatment of the whole subject is scarcely humorous. There is not necessarily any humour in an account of the foolish actions of foolish people, even though the scene be laid ever so many centuries back, and though one discovers archons and *nomophylakes* acting and talking after what the writer conceives to be the fashion of people bearing more modern and familiar titles. Wieland, with whom is Mr. Christmas, thinks differently, and his public gave him a verdict; for the work was very popular when it first appeared. But then we must remember that the objects of the satire were the foibles of that period. People felt a natural pleasure in recognizing what they themselves had less distinctly remarked, and in testing the accuracy of the representation. To us the case is different. We can feel no pleasure of this latter kind in reading it. The Abderitans are hardly representatives of any society with which we are acquainted. Either from the march of intellect, or some other equally vague law of mental progression, people are not such fools nowadays; or, if they be, they hide their folly more skilfully. The satirist of the nineteenth century must penetrate a little way beneath the surface if he would interest. We have

grown very observant of each other, very sharp in detecting each other's motives; consequently, whatever we may be inwardly, outwardly we are less ridiculous. We think too highly of the acuteness of our fellows to commit such very candid absurdities. To us the whole thing seems clumsy. It is not very excellent fooling: it is fooling with no definite object.

The same thing applies to the social abuses that are assailed. We have no sympathy with the satire, because these particular social abuses do not exist with us. Take, for instance, the part relating to the musical *nomophylax*. We fear that our classical remembrances are too hazy for us to decide, which of our ministers will exactly answer to the dignitary in question. We will say Lord Palmerston, at a venture. Now, whatever may be the Premier's faults, he has never been in the habit of composing bad operas, and forcing them, by means of his official interest, on Mr. Gye or Mr. Lumley. We have all heard the playful allusion to the venturesome character of Lord J. Russell—that he would be at any time equally ready to take command of the Channel fleet, or play a solo on the violoncello. Practically, we do not believe that he, any more than Lord Palmerston, ever attempted to cut out Verdi or Rossini. Hence the operatic monopoly of the *nomophylax* touches no responsive chord in our bosoms; though it certainly did in the bosoms of the citizens of small German capitals, where his Transparency, the Herzog, was proprietor, manager, composer, and conductor at the Court theatre. Again, with regard to law abuses; the dispute between the donkey-owner and the donkey-hirer, as to whether the latter had a right to the shade of the donkey, as well as to the donkey itself, is, to our mind, no satire upon the straw-splitting tendencies of our lawyers. It is too much of an exaggeration, too nonsensical in short. It may have a certain amount of fun about it, arising from the contrast between the gravity of the treatment, and the ridiculous nature of the subject. But this sense of incongruity does not keep our attention fixed through page after page of argument and counter-argument. Besides, it is a poor sort of satire which consists in indefinitely overdrawing the thing to be satirized, and then making fun of it, not as it really is, but in its thus indefinitely exaggerated form. To sum up, the wit of this *History of the Abderitans* is a kind of wit which must always have been rather heavy, and is now out of date. It has no power of interesting us, except as a specimen of what an unquestionably great writer offered, and a large, thoughtful public accepted, as amusing.

Appended to the work is what the translator calls an *Essay on Philosophical Romance*. This resolves itself into a *résumé* of Plato's *Republic*, and some extracts from the *Utopia*. The former we can read much better done in a great number of other places; the latter seems altogether unnecessary. We suppose we owe it to the natural desire of an author to do something original, in however mild a way.

#### THE POLAR REGIONS.\*

It is a positive relief to find a book undisfigured by turgid writing, now euphemistically described as word-painting, in which the author, by a superabundance of epithets, minute details, and inflated language, endeavours to be eloquent, and by the use of chopped-up sentences, believes that he is forcible and effective. Sir John Richardson writes unaffectedly, sim-

ply, clearly; he never wastes his words, and neither ekes out his sentences nor disfigures them by a conciseness which results naturally in obscurity. His work, an amplification of an able article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a text-book in the history of Arctic discovery, full of deep but never obtrusive reading, and almost exhaustive of the highly interesting subject of his researches. When we have noted a few slips of spelling and expression, such as "erescent," "substantive," "indefatigable," "a flowing sheet" (a description inexcusable even in the verse of a well-known ballad), and a stock phrase or two, e.g. "the stormy deep," we have observed all that is exceptionable in the volume, which the writer modestly terms "a compilation."

The introduction brings before us the Phoenician discoveries, to whose enterprise and vigour full justice is done; but we still indulge a hope that some writer will undertake a complete work upon the subject. They have left their traces on almost every shore along the southern and western seaboard of Europe, in the shape of circles and stone pillars; their merchant ships left colonies on their way, in the islands of the Mediterranean, at Marseilles, and in Spain and Portugal; the glass beads dug up in Cornwall and Ireland, and the deserted mining-shafts in the former county, known as Attal Sarazin, are reliques of their trade, as are the "mines of Lagineas" in Wicklow, and the brazen implements occasionally found in Irish bogs. At one time Himiko sailed to colonize western Europe, and Hanno, with sixty ships, carrying thirty thousand men to occupy the western coast of Africa. To these brave seamen Strabo and Pliny were indebted for their acquaintance with the geography of northern Europe; and it is not impossible that their galleys crossed the Atlantic, for in the days of Elizabeth a vessel of ten tons carried the adventurous Frobisher, and in our own time a Penzance fishing-boat reached Australia. The Scandinavian rivalled the Tyrian in his love of the sea. From the "salt blood" of the Northmen England has derived her empire-empire; through Normandy, the foundation of her civilization, and through the Danes, the first consolidation of her internal government. In 860, a Norwegian Viking discovered Iceland; and the oppression of the Gaels led to a further emigration to that island. In 982, Erik, an Icelander, discovered Greenland, and about three years after colonized the country, founding two settlements: the West Bygd, in its high prosperity, contained four churches, and in the East Bygd no less than seven stone churches of very ancient date still remain. Bjami, another Icelander, about the same period came within sight of Nantucket Island, and skirted the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador. In the year 1000 Erik, another adventurous Icelander, discovered Vineland, so named by him from its profusion of wild vines, and wintered on Rhode Island, where a circular baptistery of a remote period exists to this day; he likewise sighted Nova Scotia and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Until the year 1347 the intercourse was maintained between Greenland and America principally for the purpose of obtaining wood for building; and in 1266 the priests of the cathedral of St. Nicholas, at Gardar, set out in a missionary ship, like that of our modern Bishops of Newfoundland and New Zealand, to visit the northern summer haunts of the sealers. These incidents rest on historical testimony: the Kongskuggsii, a sort of Icelandic Domesday, of the twelfth or thirteenth century, describes Greenland as covered with ice in the inland, but having pastures round its fiords; adding,

\* *The Polar Regions*. By Sir J. Richardson. 1861. (A. and C. Black.)

that the colonists subsisted by raising cattle and sheep, and by the chase of the reindeer, walrus, and seal. A stone with a Runic inscription, dated 1135, found at Kingitorsoak, is now in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. The plague, the incursions of the Eskimos, the forays of European pirates, and the tyrannical conduct of Margaret, Queen of Norway and Denmark, combined to terminate the existence of the Greenland colonies in the early part of the fifteenth century. Near the roofless church of Karottok, the last of the colonists was massacred by the Skraelingar.

Meanwhile maritime enterprise was confined to the voyages to the Holy Land; and although historians, such as Adam of Bremen, recorded the discovery of America, and John Scolni, the Dane, in 1476 visited Greenland, its existence was almost forgotten. The men of Bristol, however, were in the habit of trading with Iceland when Columbus visited it in 1477, and there gained that information which, beyond a doubt, confirmed, if it did not originate, his desire for western discovery. In 1492 he gave the Western Indies to Spain,—a richer prize than the coasting of the western coast of Africa as far as the Cabo Tomentoso, sung by Camoens, and instigated by Prince Henry of Portugal. The riches of Cathay were the goal of the rival countries, and the Pope allotted the eastern route to the Spaniard, and the western passage to the Portuguese. The men of Bristol and John Cabot believed that a third path lay in the direction of the north-west. In 1497 Cabot discovered for the second time the coast of Labrador. He did "not think," he says, "to find any other land than that of Cathay, and from thence to turn to India; but after certain days found the land ranne towards the north which waits with a great displeasure; nevertheless sayling along by the coast to see if I could find any gulpe that turned, I found the land still continent to the 56° under our pole. And seeing that there the coast turned towards the east, despairing to find the passage, I turned back again, and sailed by the coast of that land towards the equinoctial line, ever with intent to find the said passage to India, and came to that part of this firme land which is called Florida." In 1500, Gaspar Cortoreale, a Portuguese, in 1500 discovered Labrador, Hudson's Straits, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Cape Race. Cabot and his gallant sons failed, indeed, in laying open a new passage to Cathay; but he showed the way, on which others followed, to found a lucrative fishery and establish settlements, which have now diffused the religion, laws, and language of England over the greater portion of the North American continent,—a result more important than the discovery of the Spice Islands or the golden lands of the East.

In 1527, the 'Sampson,' with all hands, foundered off Newfoundland, the first of the many vessels and more precious lives which have been sacrificed to the discovery of the North-west Passage; and Master Robert Thorne, who resided at Seville, and urged the project upon Henry VIII., must bear the blame of having been the first man who suggested that disastrous idea. In the reign of Edward VI. it was determined, in defiance of the Hans Towns' league, to attempt a north-east passage, and "open a way and passage for trauale to newe and unknowne kingdomes." In the year 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed for this purpose with three vessels, the largest of which did not exceed 160 tons, under the eyes of a great crowd and the Privy Council assembled at Greenwich, and with a grand discharge of cannon. They sighted Willoughby's Land, on the coast of Nova Zembla; but, owing to the

bad condition of the 'Bona Confidencia,' were compelled to harbour on the coast of Lapland, where they all miserably perished, with the exception of the crew of Edward Bonaventure, which fortunately parted from the ill-fated Admiral during a great storm. Borough, the master of this ship, in a second voyage, escaped danger among floating icebergs and menacing whales, and discovered the strait into the Sea of Kara. Before the year 1584, the ships of the Muscovy Company reached the mouth of the river Ob. Barentzom, a Dutchman, doubled the northern cape of Nova Zembla, and after passing a miserable winter on those inhospitable shores, escaped on board of two scutes, but died before he reached land.

Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1576, sailed from Deptford with two small ships of twenty-five tons, and a smaller pinnace, "when her Majesty, beholding the same, commanded the expedition, and bade us farewell with shaking her hand at them out of the window of Greenwich palace." He sighted a land "rising like pinnacles of steeples, and covered with snow," which proved to be the deserted East Bygd of the earlier Icelandic colonists, and discovered the Straits which still bear his name. Sir Martin bartered with the Eskimos, lost several of his men, and by his seamanship and gallantry saved his ship, when it was laid on its beam-ends off Cape Desolation. A piece of black stone which he brought home was presumed to contain gold ore; and he was despatched on a second voyage to bring home a cargo of this worthless freight. On a third voyage, undertaken in 1578, one of his barks foundered, but he discovered the opening of Hudson's Straits. He would no doubt have entered Hudson's Bay, had it not been for the miserable commercial enterprise to which he was pledged.

In 1585, although Michael Loll, who had prompted the quest for gold by Frobisher, was a prisoner in the Tower, the merchants of London took heart of grace, and fitted out another expedition for the discovery of the North-west Passage, under the command of Master John Davis. The discovery of Davis's Straits, Hudson's Straits (for the second time), and Cumberland Islands, were the chief result of his three voyages, if we except the loss of one of the ships, the 'Northern Star,' which was never heard of again. Weymouth, in 1602, again entered Hudson's Straits, named after their next discoverer, Henry Hudson, in 1607, who, in the following year, being then in the service of the Dutch, sailed into that "magnificent river which still bears his name, and at whose mouth the most important commercial city of the New World has arisen." Thick fogs, currents, and stormy weather had formed his principal obstacles hitherto; but in his final voyage, in 1610, in the 'Discovery,' of fifty-five tons, he encountered a danger which he was unable to overcome—a mutiny of his own crew.

An ungrateful seaman, at the head of other conspirators, forced him, his faithful carpenter, and his young son into a shallow, with six sick and infirm men, and then cast them adrift. Justice pursued the ringleaders; for they perished shortly after in an assault of the Eskimos at Cape Digges. The next navigators were Baffin, in 1612 and 1616, who went in a fruitless search for some fabulous gold-mines, but gave his name to Baffin's Bay, and discovered Lancaster Sound, where a barrier of ice prevented him from crossing the true threshold of the North-west Passage; Munck, the Dane, who, after intense sufferings, escaped from his frozen hut with only two survivors of his crew, and, after a hazardous passage across the Atlantic, reached home in safety; Luke

Foxe, the discoverer of New Wales, and his contemporary, James, of Bristol.

The civil wars, the revolution, and the campaigns of Marlborough, engaged the attention of England to the exclusion of any project of maritime discovery, and it would have been as well if the north-east and north-west passage had been for ever forgotten. In 1670 the "fiery Rupert," who had exchanged the charge and sword of the gallant cavalier general for the crucible and laboratory of the chemist, with several other noblemen, was permitted by royal charter to found the productive settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1714, owing to French invasions from Canada, only one fort remained in the possession of their successors. In 1719 a discovery expedition, consisting of a frigate and sloop-of-war, were lost off Marble Island. Fifty years passed before their fate was ascertained, and then the Eskimos related that in 1721 the two last survivors of the English crews "survived the others for many days, and frequently went to the top of a rock and looked earnestly to the south and east, and afterwards sat down together and wept bitterly. At length one of these melancholy men died, and the other, attempting to dig a grave for his companion, fell down and died also." About the middle of the last century, at the instigation of one Arthur Dober, the Admiralty offered a reward of £20,000 for the discovery of the North-west Passage. In 1746 a joint expedition of vessels of the Royal Navy and Hudson's Bay Company, owing to the mutual jealousy of the commanders, failed. Hearne, from Churchill Fort, made three unsuccessful journeys, owing to the treachery of his Indian guides. Lord Mulgrave, then Captain Phipps, in 1773, in his voyage to Spitzbergen, made no discovery; and in 1776 Cook was beguiled from his retirement in Greenwich Hospital by Lord Sandwich, to ascertain whether a passage did exist between the Atlantic and Northern Pacific Oceans. The expedition sailed in 1776, and in 1780 returned to England without its distinguished commander. In 1789 Sir A. Mackenzie descended the river which bears his name. Between 1598 and 1843 the Russians made several voyages along the Siberian coast, but no one has yet succeeded in doubling the North-east Cape, the northernmost point of Asia.

In 1817 Scoresby, a whaler, drew attention to the Greenland seas, and Sir John Barrow urged upon the Board of Admiralty the fatal counsel that fresh exertions should be made to solve the problem of the North-west Passage, and, at the same time, to prosecute scientific researches in nautical astronomy and magnetism. In 1818 Captain Ross was arrested in Lancaster Sound by a vision of an imaginary range of highlands, which he named the Croker mountains, and turned back. The Admiralty was incredulous; and in 1819 Parry, with the 'Hecla' and 'Griper,' sailed triumphantly over the site of these supposed hills, and reached Melville Island. In 1821-3, with the 'Fury' and 'Hecla,' he traced the strait which bears the name of those ships to its junction with Regent Inlet. In a third expedition the Fury was lost in that inlet; and in a fourth endeavour, in 1827, Sir Edward made a boat passage from the northern end of Spitzbergen, and reached 82° 40' 30" of north latitude. This experienced officer returned on every occasion with his crews in perfect health.

From 1819 to 1822 Franklin was engaged in making overland expeditions from Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine River and the adjacent coast of the Arctic Sea, and returned after losing more than half of the party by cold, famine, and fatigue. In 1825, 1826,

and 1827, Franklin was engaged in similar labours. Dr. Richardson, about the same time, was tracing the northern outline of the northern continent. In 1833 Captain Ross, after passing several winters in the ice, was compelled to abandon his ship, the 'Victory'; Lieutenant (now Sir James) Ross made sledge journeys; Captain (now Sir George) Back surveyed the northern estuaries by sea; and Mr. Simpson, in the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, and Dr. Rae in 1845-7, completed the eastern part of a survey by land. On May 19, 1845, the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' under Sir John Franklin, sailed for the Arctic Seas. All that naval science and human care could effect for their safety was bestowed upon the ships; two winters passed away, and serious apprehension was felt for their safety. It was no longer a search for the North-west Passage, but for the missing ships, which occupied the attention of the Admiralty and Geographical Society. The appeals of Lady Franklin, and her devotion of her entire fortune to the search, attracted the sympathy of all countries, and ship after ship, manned by volunteers, set out to ascertain the fate of the lost crews, between 1847 and 1859. Sir John Richardson made a boat voyage; Dr. Rae surveyed Wollaston Island; Sir James Ross searched Peel's Strait; Lieutenant Pulee in boats went from Behring's Straits to the MacKenzie; Captain Penny surveyed Wellington Channel; and Lieutenant De Haven, of the U.S. navy, drifted about it in a pack of ice during a miserable winter; Commander Inglefield, Mr. Kennedy, and Lieutenant Bellot, who was drowned in Wellington Channel; Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellet, Dr. Rae and Mr. Anderson, all prosecuted the search. Captain M'Clure was compelled to abandon his ship, and with his crew crossed the ice from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay; but it was reserved for Captain M'Clintock, in the 'Fox,' to discover in King William's Island the sad record of the abandonment of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' and the death of the whole of their crews. They had discovered the ice-encumbered North-west Passage; and when starvation stared them in the face, owing to the putrid state of Goldner's preserved meat, they abandoned their ships, and, drawing their sledges across the ice in the hope of reaching shelter and food, they dropped from the drag-ropes on the march, and died where they fell, their tracks being marked by a line of corses on the shore, most of which the sea swept away on the melting of the ice.

From the year 1849 to 1857 no less than 21,500 miles of coast-line had been surveyed. Dr. Rae obtained £10,000 for his success in ascertaining the fate of Sir John Franklin; and promotion and rank were the rewards of several naval officers who assisted in the search for years. Great sufferings have been endured, ships and human lives have been lost, an expenditure of money was made which would have rendered many a poor man's home happy in England, and have promoted the spread of missions abroad; and what has been the result? In Smeerenberg Harbour Admiral Beechey saw upwards of a thousand coffins of Englishmen; and we learn that the pointed peaks and mountainous coast are inaccessible, that drift-wood is thrown upon the low-lying shores, and certain birds frequent the land and waters. The flow of the Gulf-stream, the force of tremendous ocean-currents, the formation of the iceberg, the fall of the avalanche, the flood sweeping down the rivers in the summer thaw, the enormous trees which are cast up as drift-wood at a distance of hundreds of miles to form the houses or canoes of other people, the courses of the winds, the freezing of the sap in the very

heart of trees, the existence of a very limited fauna and flora, the ice-cliff, the fossiliferous or volcanic strata, the skeletons of forests preserved by the "anti-putrescent" quality of certain winds, alluvial and drift beds, the eastern barren grounds of America, and the mossy tundras of Siberia, which Linnaeus described as *terra damnata*, are the newest facts which Arctic enterprise has revealed. Of the southern Antarctic polar continent our only information rests on the account given by Sir James Ross, that it is for the most part a land of spotless white, dazzlingly bright when seen in an atmosphere undimmed by haze or cloud, shoreless, and without inhabitants, belted with ice, and in one part volcanic, where a mountain, loftier than Etna, constantly emits from a crater, blazing with bright-red flames, a column of smoke two thousand feet in height, which condenses as it rises, and descends in mists or snow.

To our mind the condition of the Eskimos, the Greenlanders, and the tribes of North Siberia, presents to us a far more interesting subject, though it is one of the deepest melancholy. The Seymos, whose cries of welcome to the sea-men have procured them the name of "Screamers," and the Eskimos, "eaters of raw flesh," deserve our truest compassion for their miserable condition, both physical and spiritual. Their ulcerated eyes, premature decrepitude, filthy habits, coarse way of life, and uncleanly food; their ingenuity, patience, gentleness, cheerfulness, and good-nature; their frequent diseases and accidents; their habits of theft and lies; their superstitions and ignorance; their life a never-ending conflict with privation and with the terrors of cold and hunger, in a land of endless snow and an almost perpetual winter, a land of gloom, like the grave of Nature itself, are all so many voices inviting the Christians to come over and help them. The naval enterprise of England has been devoted for years to unseal the secret wonders of the northern seas. The thirst for gold in the first instance, and the idolatry of science, the greed of commerce, and the hope of professional reward in later times, were the motives which led men to face death in the search for a passage among the Polar Cyclades, which, if discovered in one propitious season, the next winter would close up. Some roofless churches, abandoned centuries since, in the East Bygd, and a few scattered Moravian missionaries, offer the only proof of any attempt made to open to the Eskimo and the Greenlander the promise of a better country. It is a sorrowful and a humiliating reflection with which we close Sir John Richardson's volume, that our only evidences of the sad story which he tells are a few more names upon a chart, the granite memorial of Bellot on the terrace of Greenwich, and the reliques of the last of the brave explorers contained under a glass case in the Museum of the United Service Institution. Famine, the sea, the iceberg, and the snows have destroyed many a martyr on those inhospitable shores—martyrs not sent forth to plant the Cross and to spread the blessings of civilization, but martyrs who have shown the highest powers of endurance, the most signal self-denial, the loftiest heroism, the noblest capabilities for great things, and yet martyrs who have died in vain.

#### AGNES TREMORNE.\*

No place better fitted to be the scene of a romance than Rome, thought, and rightly thought, the author of this work. In the

\* *Agnes Tremorne.* By I. Blagden. Two Vols. (London: Smith and Elder.)

Eternal City, the history of the world and of humanity seem to centre; and upon that theatre have so many of the mighty drams of history been acted, that it appears to be a congenial soil for any development of heroic action, or any personal career of adventure, suffering, and sorrow. There would be something hideously grotesque in a cockney novelist of the dying-out funny school, or the prevailing picturesque school, sending his hero to hear high-mass under the dome of St. Peter's, or gaze upon the Coliseum by moonlight. Paris and London are the proper sphere of this class of writers; for it is comparatively easy to satirize French frivolity, or to jeer at the gloom and solemnity of our fellow-countrymen. We are most of us gifted with some slight sense of the ridiculous, and some power of expressing it; and hence the pseudo-comic and ponderously-satirical efforts of many modern mediocre novelists, in "shooting folly as it flies" with the tiniest and bluntest arrow, from a string which does not give forth one note of the "twang of the silver bow."

Nothing can be easier than to do such work badly, and nothing can be more intolerably offensive to any reader of taste and judgment, than such work when it is so done. It is the old story of "easy writing being 'd—d hard reading,'" the poetaster spinning three hundred lines before breakfast, *stans pede in mo*, the poet producing three in a day. We are therefore disposed to receive with much courteous welcome, a book in which there is no attempt to describe evening parties in Belgravia or Bloomsbury, no clumsy caricatures of politicians or authors, no dull dialogues on current topics.

Our author takes us to Rome as it was thirty years ago, not for the purpose of photographing the political and social condition of Rome at that time, but because the incidents of the story seem naturally enough to arise there; and description is very properly made subservient to the careful narration of the story, which is highly romantic and interesting. The hero, Godfrey Wentworth, is a young Englishman who has suffered a disappointment in love at home, and is one of those "proud and wounded hearts who came self-exiled to soothe their griefs with the aspect of a more desolate ruin and of a greater fall." He had been engaged to a beautiful cousin, who, by the advice of worldly-minded friends, had transferred her affections to a relation with a larger rent-roll. At Rome he led the artist life, and gradually recovered from the melancholy which had previously "marked him for her own." Shortly after his arrival, he meets by accident the heroine, Agnes Tremorne. She is equally devoted to the study of art, and paints with great power and originality. She is exactly the kind of woman to captivate him; and he seeks, and succeeds in making her acquaintance. Meanwhile, we are introduced to an English family—the Carmichaels—who are lounging away the time in Rome. They are old acquaintances of Wentworth's; and he manages to introduce Agnes to instruct Miss Carmichael in painting. After a time, he discovers the mystery of Agnes' existence. She was the daughter of an English gentleman, who had died some short time previously, and had left, with but very slender means of support, herself and her step-sister, Imogene. This sister had been engaged to a young Englishman, Herbert Tremorne, who had mixed himself up with the revolutionary Young Italy party, and been thrown into prison at Spielberg. This sad event had almost deprived Imogene of life and reason, and she lies in a helpless state, tranquillized only by being kept under mesmeric

influences by her sister. Wentworth, who is the intimate friend of Herbert, and has been entreated by him to interest himself in the welfare of the orphan sisters, persuades Agnes that her incessant labours in the cause of art, and her untiring attendance on her sister, are overtaxing her energies; and is permitted to exercise his knowledge of the phenomena of mesmerism in tranquilizing Imogene, and keeping her constantly under the magnetic force. Imogene, deceived by Wentworth's close personal resemblance to her lover, thinks that he has escaped and is with her again. She embraces him, calls him by the name of her lover, and day after day this idea is so strengthened in her mind, and appears so to benefit her physical and mental condition, that both her sister and Wentworth are afraid to undeceive her. Meanwhile Wentworth has inspired a deadly hatred and jealousy in the heart of one of the leaders of the Young Italy party, Carlo Moroni, who has conceived a passion for Agnes, which she does not reciprocate. He falls by accident into a meeting of conspirators, and before he is recognised by one of them, is wounded. He hears at this place the name of Herbert mentioned, and learns that he himself is suspected of being Herbert, of having escaped from Spielberg, and for some political reason denying his identity. Herbert had, by a series of adventures, which are admirably described, broken from prison, and at length arrives in Rome; but, in consequence of a counter-plot on the part of an intriguing lady, does not for some time succeed in discovering the sisters and Wentworth. Agnes and Wentworth go to L'Ariccia in search of him, but find no trace of him. The suspicions of Carlo Moroni about his identity are confirmed by the fact of his learning from a child who sometimes sat as a model to Agnes, that when with the sisters they always called him Herbert. Their doing so is intelligible enough to the reader, who is aware of the deception practised on Imogene, but not so to the jealous Italian. Agnes and Wentworth, at Imogene's desire, go one day to the Mausoleo d'Augusto, to see the play of "Torquato Tasso Imprisoned and Crowned." Moroni discovers this, attends the theatre, and takes the child Giacinto, who points out Wentworth in the box, as the painter whom she called Herbert. That evening they pledge their troth to each other. There is a full flow of mutual confidence, and each tells the other, with the natural eloquence of passion, the disappointments and mistakes of their earlier days. All is love, and happiness, and bright hope for the future. But that night Wentworth fell by the dagger of Moroni and an accomplice. The lately happy Agnes was hurled into the depths of anguish and despair. By one of those strange contrasts which often meet us in the world, just as the self-sacrificing, noble, loving sister has the cup of happiness dashed from her lips, Herbert returns, and Imogene recognizes her real and long-lost love. They marry, and leave Rome, while the bereaved sister continues to dwell there, her heart buried with her dead love under the tomb at Monte Testamo.

To give the plot of such a romance as this, even at the length at which we have stated it, conveys, unfortunately, but a very inadequate idea of the merit of the story. The idea that pervades it throughout is in the highest degree poetical. The self-sacrifice of Agnes to her sister is heroic, as she waits, hopeful and prayerful, "patient through the watches long." A principal fault in the machinery is the introduction of the mesmeric agency employed for the benefit of Imogene; but when we consider the character of Imogene, as portrayed by

the author, the introduction of this incident does not strike the reader as improbable or grotesque. The style of the narrative is even and eloquent throughout. We have scarcely space for an extract, but the following portion of Herbert's account of his escape from Spielberg seems worth quotation:—

"I was dragged from Venice to Milan; after a lingering, tedious imprisonment there, a mock trial brought me to my doom—fifteen years' imprisonment in Spielberg, to date only from the day when the fetters were placed on my limbs, and the doors of my cell had closed on me!"

"I shared my cell with another, a brave, noble creature, whose brotherly kindness saved me from utter despair. I should have died in the first few months but for him. There were other cells in the same part of the prison, which were shut out by a strong iron door and a steep staircase from the less severe dungeons of the better treated prisoners. In spite of the prohibitions of our gaolers, we became acquainted with our fellows in misery, and by means of a language which we invented, held communication with each other. The gaolers were stupid, brutal, obedient like machines to their orders, but not wantonly cruel. They visited us at certain regular intervals, but between their visits we were enabled to converse. About two years since a fever broke out in the prison, which was as fatal among the gaolers as among ourselves. For some days their number was diminished, and during this time four of my companions escaped. To one I entrusted a letter for Wentworth, and for my cousins, for I was too ill to make the effort to escape, as had been intended; besides, my companion, who shared my cell, was dying, and I would not leave him. He died two days later, and the grief and disappointment were so injurious to me, that on the afternoon on which the gaoler put him in his coffin, he left me for dead also. The man had taken off the fetters from the corpse, and looking at me, came up to my couch. He raised my arm, and then let it fall with an abruptness which seemed to dislocate every joint, and pierce every nerve; I was stunned for a moment; when recollection returned I heard his steps retreating, and the bang of the great door as it closed after him. He had drawn the coarse coverlet over my face. My limbs felt an unwonted lightness, for he had removed the fetters from them. The gust of wild hope which throbbed through my veins, gave me the strength of madness. I crawled from my bed; I felt for the door; it was not even closed. The gaoler had saved himself the trouble of fastening it upon a corpse! I was in the corridor between the cells. Opposite the door above was a window, high in the wall. It looked into a ditch, and was not commanded by any other windows; beyond, but below it, was a small platform, on which a sentinel had been stationed; but since the number of the prisoners began to diminish, he had been removed. I returned to my cell, knotted together my sheet and coverlet, and fastened them to an upper bar of this window. With an effort, which was like the grip of a drowning man, I reached this bar, and emaciated as I was, pushed through. In so doing I grazed the skin of my arms and legs, which bled profusely. I clung to the ledge, which was scarcely wide enough, and unknitting the sheet and coverlet, drew them after me, that they might not become the betrayers of my flight; I found the fissures of the wall gave me footing on this side; but my clothes were almost torn to pieces in my descent, and I shivered with cold as I stood on the platform. It was a bitter winter's night. At last I descended, and rested for an hour in the ditch; it was deep and muddy; but I knew that I had, in all probability, four or five hours before me."

The interest we feel in reading through these two volumes is heightened throughout by the remembrance of the recent glorious events in Italy; and it has this merit, that it makes no attempt to get literary capital out of recent history, in itself so romantic that no fiction could make it more so. It merely takes us to the classic soil of the Eternal City at a time when those political principles were in

their germ which have recently achieved a successful development. It makes no pretence to comedy, or wit, or caricature; but to those who admire a poetical romance, narrated in a sustained style, and containing much artistic and elegant writing, we can conscientiously recommend *Agnes Tremoréne*.

#### NEW NOVEL.

*The Moor Cottage: a Tale of Home Life.* By Mary Beverley, author of *Little Estella* and other tales. (Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co.)—The observation required to make a story that is devoid of startling incident readable is what few have the faculty for, and fewer still the patience to collect. It is for this reason that so few novels of common life can be acquired of the charge of dreariness. But in spite of its difficulty, there is no kind of writing into which people are more ready to plunge; for the qualifications required are unfortunately such as admit of no test, and are just those which every one thinks he possesses. And granted that a writer starts with the idea that he or she has a special insight into character, domestic novel-writing is a very lazy kind of work. Little plot is required, and such incidents as are happening daily around us suffice. To caricature our neighbours' faults and idealize our friends' virtues is the plain rule for writing a domestic novel. *The Moor Cottage* opens in the orthodox way, and for some time proceeds in the usual uninterrupted course. But the dullness of quiet life is too oppressive. The author shuffles her hero off to the Crimea, and there relieves her feelings by wounding him, and killing his friend. To such excitement she must feel that she is hardly entitled; but it has, at all events, the beneficial effect of increasing the author's own interest in her work, and enabling her to write with more spirit and vigour. There is also one omission, and that one not usual in novels of this class. It is quite a relief not to be introduced to the clergyman of the parish. He is, indeed, continually hanging over your head, but he never descends on the scene. We suspect that the reason of this omission is no dislike to the cloth, but a feeling that the author's strength does not lie in the delineation of male characters. The Moor Cottage is inhabited by a lady and her four daughters, in reduced circumstances. The eldest daughter is a quiet young lady, who wears her hair in braids. The second is more lively, and has "sunny ringlets." Why are younger sisters to enjoy a monopoly of curls? We can only remember one domestic novel in which the elder sister's hair was allowed to curl, and then it was only for a very short time; before the end of the book she was ignominiously reduced to braids. The eldest sister is engaged to be married when the story opens, and the duty of heroine consequently devolves on the second, Mabel. Herbert Mansfield, the hero, is a broad-shouldered boy, who lives with his aunt. Having just got his commission in the Line, he thinks it necessary to fall in love—with Mabel of course. Before joining his regiment he confides the state of his heart to his friend Bernard Morris. Mabel meanwhile, wishing to do something for the support of her family, and being of course a mass of accomplishments, is engaged as daily governess to Miss Morris, a young lady who has been educated in Paris, but unfortunately has not profited by her opportunities. At first the ill-regulated pupil expresses a curious desire to "double-up" some of her female acquaintances. By Mabel's expostulation, however, she is induced to relinquish this unladylike enterprise, and is otherwise shown the error of her ways. Meanwhile her brother has been thrown very much into the society of the daily governess. The consequences may be imagined. He forgets his friend, and makes love to her on his own account. He proposes, and is refused; but Mabel in refusing him expresses a hope that he will live "to fulfil a nobler destiny," whatever that may mean. Over these words he ponders, and determines to turn over a new leaf. After writing to his friend to confess his fault, which is of course forgiven, he sails for the Crimea, and there nurses Herbert Mansfield, who has been wounded. He saves his friend's life, but for all that, poetical jus-

tice is not satisfied; he must expiate his fault, and so he catches a fever and dies. In due course of time the war closes, and Herbert Mansfield comes home a captain. He lays his laurels at Mabel's feet, and she accepts them. But unfortunately the lovers have no means to marry on; and as the tender-hearted author cannot think of condemning her favourites to the chances of a long engagement, a legacy in favour of the hero is found in Colonel Sterling's will. He is consequently enabled to marry, and his happiness must be increased by the fact that one of Mabel's younger sisters grows up suddenly towards the end of the book, to accommodate a brother officer with a wife. The author was evidently very much tempted to marry the fourth sister to an exemplary young subaltern, but she relinquished the idea, and we congratulate her on her self-restraint. The sense of completeness would have been too unreal. This is the plot, and though there is not much of it, there is perhaps as much as the book requires. With the exception of a few excursions to the Crimea, the scene is laid throughout in the quiet country village; and it is in the description of the outward forms of this life that the author is more successful than in any other part of her book. But in the delineation of character she fails more for the reason that she idealizes her characters than from any natural want of perception. In fact, every one in the book is so amiable that the expanse of unshaded goodness is absolutely dazzling. Even exemplary old maids and young ladies brought up under paragons of mothers in quiet country villages are not exempt from the failings of human nature. It would be absolutely refreshing if some of them would occasionally lose their temper or make some uncharitable remark about their neighbours. Even Miss Morris, who begins as a black sheep, has, before we take leave of her, reached a pitch of goodness that it is awful to contemplate. Yet, notwithstanding this, so severe is the author's idea of justice, that the young lady has to expiate her wickedness by not being married during the progress of the story. However, it would be too cruel to leave her entirely without consolation, so it is hinted that it is not long before she finds a husband. It is perhaps a painful fact that the character of the heroine has been spoiled by being made so excessively good. Unmitigated goodness is not what we see every day; and if not occasionally tested by trials of temper and other temptations, it will naturally appear that what is so easily attained is of comparatively little value. It is hardly to be supposed that the author means us to infer that a girl of eighteen has attained an amount of self-discipline which we so seldom see exercised even by the old. In Aunt Jessie it may be natural, but in Mabel it is utterly out of place. The book is written in a pleasant and quiet style, seldom aiming at effect; and it is fortunate it is so, if the rhapsodies put into Mr. Morris's mouth are a specimen of fine writing. There are few persons who would not blush to hear a bald-headed old country gentleman making such a fool of himself. There is one fault in the form of the writing which it may be as well to notice. Soliloquies which are a necessary evil on the stage, are out of place in a novel. No doubt the reason why they are introduced is to give greater reality to the situation; but the result is exactly the reverse. Thoughts that would not be mentioned to the dearest friend, and which, indeed, hardly assume any form in the individual's own mind, can hardly be properly expressed in a page and a half of short, jerky sentences.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Principles and Practice of Elocution.* By Charles John Plumptre. (J. H. & Jas. Parker.) Mr. Plumptre is a professor of elocution, and the little volume before us contains the substance of four lectures delivered at Oxford, by permission of the Vice-Chancellor. Mr. Plumptre, of course, illustrated his rules by recitations in poetry and in prose; and we have no doubt that his remarks were listened to with great interest and attention. But in reading the lectures, we miss much which must have given point to them in delivery. They are suggestive, but they are scarcely satisfactory. As

the commencement of a course of instruction, they are perhaps all that could be wished; but they are too brief, and yet too discursive, to serve the purpose of a treatise on the principles and practice of elocution. All that Mr. Plumptre says, however, is said well; and we are sure that he does not in any degree over-estimate the importance of the art of which he is so able a master. Among the thousands of public speakers and readers in England, there are comparatively few who know how to read or to speak well. Many of the clergy, for instance, though their profession requires a constant exercise of the voice, have never even attempted to gain a command over it. They utterly neglect the only art which is indispensable to their success as public speakers. In saying this, we do not for a moment forget that there are other and far higher qualifications demanded of the minister of religion; but if he be, as he should be, an earnest, zealous, God-fearing man,—if he be anxious to win men into the true fold by thoughtful arguments, by loving appeals, by the eloquence of the pulpit, as well as by the more powerful influence of a holy life,—why should he discard an instrument of such marvellous force, which is ever ready at his hand, and for the use of which he has so many noble opportunities? The best sermon is often spoilt by a dull, lifeless delivery; and the minister who does not know how to read his sermon, and yet to speak to his congregation at the same time, has no right to expect that his audience should be attentive. How is it possible for any one to listen to a discourse read off from the book, as a schoolboy would read his task, without variation of voice, without energy of expression, without the least gesture or the faintest sign of animation? A man's thoughts must be choice indeed, if they have any weight when presented in such a form; and though, as George Herbert says, under similar circumstances, "God gives a text, and preaches patience," we should find it pleasanter and more profitable to avoid a call upon that virtue. There is, indeed, no one in professional life who can afford to neglect the art of speaking; there are few in any rank or any vocation, who will not sometimes find it advantageous. Elocution embraces reading as well as speaking; but reading with correctness of expression and effective pronunciation, is about as rare an accomplishment as the knowledge of Sanscrit or Chinese. A woman who could read aloud a play of Shakespere, or a chapter from Jeremy Taylor, as they deserve to be read, would be mistress of an art which would considerably enhance the pleasure of the home-circle; yet this art she is never taught, while hours and guineas are wasted in painting flowers from worthless copies, or in learning "fine sleights of hand and unimagined fingering." We are glad of any book which is likely to encourage the study of this useful art. In opening elocution classes at the University of Oxford, Mr. Plumptre has taken the most effectual means of attracting the interest of the country.

*The Genetic Cycle in Organic Nature.* By George Ogilvie, M.D. (Aberdeen: Brown & Co. London: Longman & Co.) A profound and thoughtful volume, by an original investigator on this obscure region of biological science. Men like Dr. Ogilvie are the true pioneers of knowledge—men ready to spend years in the observation and record of difficult or disputed facts—willing to give months of toil to the disproval of some scientific hypothesis which the public had never even heard of, or to the confirmation of a theory of which only a "learned few" could perceive the importance. Now that such cheap reputations are often made by the many purveyors of "science for the million," a man who is witness at first-hand of the facts he alleges has a value not easily estimated. Such laborious researches, remote as they may seem from daily life and immediate application, are yet the only terms on which the deep mysteries of Nature are revealed, and are the indispensable conditions of the ultimately popular, admired, and practical uses of science. There is scarcely one of the most prized and visible of scientific truths—such as the circulation of the blood, the properties of electricity, of oxygen, &c.—but what, at the commencement, seemed as abstruse and unpractical as any investigation into the "Orobanchaea" or the "rudimentary Trematosa." But the

"profane vulgar," though ready with their acclamations for him who lays the coping-stone, not seldom forget or neglect the previous digger of the foundations. The present work is thus far more special and esoteric than Dr. Ogilvie's last deservedly popular *Master Builder's Plan*. That, though abounding in scientific truth, appealed to any intelligent mind capable of grasping a wide generalization. The one before us is for scientific men only. We once knew a mathematician who was reported to have, when he wrote his best, a public of five persons in all Europe. We are far from wishing to intimate that Dr. Ogilvie is, or desires to be, equally select. Indeed, his book is clear and forcible, from the fact, throughout apparent, that he has quite mastered his subject before writing on it, and that he knows what may be said against his views when he emitted them. But the inherent difficulty of the subject and its terminology must effectually relegate it to the class of *savants*. But, with them, its abundance of facts and lucidity of discussion ensure it a hearty welcome. We will only add, that it possesses a great but a rare merit among works of this class, viz., a distinct appreciation and adoption of a rigorous philosophical method in the investigation of natural phenomena.

*The Old Parish Church; with the Ghost of Meriton Hall.* By John Gibbs. (Ward & Lock.) This is of the weakest order. The characters act absurdly and talk foolishly; but the worst part of the book is that portion of which the author is evidently the most proud. For whole pages together Mr. John Gibbs, in the person of his hero, pours out a number of rhapsodical observations which are intended to be eloquent, but are simply ridiculous and wearisome. We despair of conveying any impression of the author's style without a quotation from his tale. One brief extract shall suffice. The hero, Mr. Melton, is in love, and the effect on his sensitive heart may be gathered from the following verbiage:—

"Oh, woman, why does thy presence haunt my life? Did I call thee, or didst thou come unto me? Tell me, oh, tell me. Is it thy beauty of expression, thy beauty of form; the language of thine eye, thine heart, thy lips; the softness of thy manners, thy intelligence, and thy sentiments; thy esteem, thy benevolence; thy love, that compound in which heart, soul and body are enveloped? Is it these things which affect me? Ah, yes; which delight me, which fill me with rapturous emotions, which give me joy. Is it not so? Ah, yes; and I love thee for them, and will protect thee because of them. Indeed, these are thy features, characteristics, nature, all. Am I selfish? In gratifying my own desires do I not also gratify thine? Love for love. I listen to the music of thy voice, and to that which thou bringest forth from the sweet-toned harp; I receive thy tender care and watchfulness, thy sympathy, thy love, and I am pleased—I am satisfied. Art thou? Ah! we are agreed; we love each other—we please each other. We are confiding, truthful, virtuous, happy. No vain thoughts distract our loving hearts, for we love dutifully, and cannot, may we will not be separate.

"Let us prepare, then, for a life-long banquet of love, of peace, of joy. What! on earth! Love and peace and joy on earth! Where is it? Ah! I am d—d—d—d—yet not thee, not thy pure and noble heart! But oh how finding, how transitory is all external beauty! Should I love thee worth thou less beautiful? Oh, what am I saying? Could remove the charms of thy fair countenance? Could disease, or fire, or accident, or sorrow, affect them? Yes! and if thou hadst no soul of intelligence, no love that could not speak itself in words and actions pure, how sad would be thy life, how sad would be thy death! But oh, my Mary, thou art yet all beauty; it sits upon thy brow, it flashes from thine eye, it encircles thy waist, it speaks in every limb; it dwells within thy mind, thy heart, thy soul!"

It is but fair to say, that the worthy lover is slightly under the influence of whisky and cigars while uttering this monologue; but when Mr. Melton is inebriated, he is fully as sensible as at any other time. If Mr. Gibbs questions our assertion, we commend to his re-consideration a series of remarks which commence on the eighty-sixth page of the tale, and terminate at the close of the chapter. "Time is of too much value to be wasted," exclaims Mr. Gibbs, and we fear that we have already expended more than was necessary upon him.

*The Illustrated History of England.* By Thomas and Francis Bullock. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) The simple, manly style in which this volume is written is worthy of all praise. It is a virtue too uncommon in the present day, especially in the compilers of school literature, to be passed by without remark. The history is compressed within a very brief compass—so brief, indeed, that the important reign of Queen Anne only occupies two pages of the volume. Yet the book is something

more than an accurate statement of facts arranged in chronological order, and, according to the promise made in the preface, "the causes, connections, and results of all important events are clearly marked." The tone of the book, moreover, is eminently healthy, and we can recommend it as a valuable summary of English history, written with a force and originality which we scarcely look for in such works. There are several engravings in the volume, but they are not suggestive enough in character to add to its value.

*Fun, Feeling, and Fancy; being a Series of Lays and Lyrics.* By John George Watts. (W. Kent & Co.) That any poetry should be produced from Billingsgate Market is a matter for surprise and gratulation. We are pleased to think that Mr. Watts can gladden his honest toil as a fishmonger by singing such cheerful songs as are contained in this volume. His verse is written in a hearty, genial spirit, which compels us to give it welcome; and although Mr. Watts's puns are sometimes poor, and his mirth more natural than pleasing, there can be no question that he can claim a place beside many of our minor minstrels as a true singer and a born poet. Such a man, we doubt not, like Coleridge, finds poetry its own exceeding great reward; it makes his heart lighter and his home happier; it shuts out for awhile his working-day cares, or enables him to bear them without becoming faint-hearted. Already Mr. Watts has been kindly welcomed by the public, and there are some pieces in the little volume before us which are likely to increase his reputation.

## MAGAZINES.

*Temple Bar.* By one of those numerous bibliophilic blunders which injure the reputation of new publications, however promising, this magazine has been so irregularly sent to us that we have had few opportunities of noticing it. The present number forms a crisis in the career of Mr. Sala's periodical; for, in consequence of the bulk of each number, a preface by the editor is appended to No. V., being an introduction to the first volume, consisting of four numbers. Mr. Sala tells us that the magazine has been "a great success;" and that editor, proprietor, and contributors have found that it "pays." He contemplates the probability of giving some pictorial illustrations. "I am sharpening my own pencil," he says, "and many who wield more vigorous crayons are ready to help me; and if our propensity continues, as I hope and believe it will, we shall in due time give you pictures as well as poems." The present number is a good one; containing eleven articles, not aiming too widely at variety, and all of them in the main readable. The editor's story increases in interest as it proceeds; the style is racy, and we have less episode and highly elaborate description, which, though excellent in his essays, have a tendency to overlay and check the natural flow of a narrative. This reminds us to ask, what have become of Mr. Sala's Travels in Middlesex? Even if it be thought expedient to make a series short, it should at any rate be finished. Mr. John Oxenford contributes an article on the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal—a good subject well treated. Mr. Oxenford is a man of learning, who can write in a popular style. The story, "For Better, for Worse," with which the magazine commenced, proceeds in its quiet and unpretending manner. The author does not shine in dialogue, and yet introduces dialogue too copiously. It has, however, decided attractions for ladies and young readers, and stands in pleasant contrast to Mr. Sala's more masculine and graphic style. A sketch of Eugène Scribe, by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, is anecdotal and agreeable; and there is an article entitled "Some Curious Cases," which is a continuation of that in the first number on "Circumstantial Evidence." The editor complains of the difficulty of getting good poems; and this number proves the truth of his statement.

*Cornhill.* The present number of the *Cornhill* brings "Framley Parsonage" to a conclusion. We shall miss these pleasant pages, which certainly formed the easiest and most cheerful reading of the number. Nevertheless, Mr. Trollope's stories are in

no sense, properly speaking, works of art, and can scarcely bear a second perusal; whereas, Mr. Thackeray's always demand and liberally reward mental effort. He is always a great satirist and a great moralist. His pictures are perfect, and his philosophy most suggestive. In his new fiction, Mr. Thackeray has not much of a story—noting that the experienced novel-reader cannot at once divine; but every page has the old racy and peculiar flavour. The editor also gives us a "Roundabout Paper" of liberal dimensions. Mr. Owen Meredith contributes a pretty, though decidedly incoherent, poem of several pages. He is one of those whom we like, and affectionately chaste for his soul's health. Our own recent exposure of his shameless plagiarisms, and the rough treatment he has experienced elsewhere from the press, may teach him, while he is yet on the threshold of his fame, to keep his reputation untainted by conduct to which he less than most men is compelled to resort.

*Macmillan's.* *Macmillan* continues, as usual, grave, earnest, solid,—even its novel being suspicuously like an ethical treatise. One of the papers is entitled "To Novelists—and a Novel," in which the writer has some very just thoughts on the immortal novel, *The Mill on the Floss*. The "Law of Rifle Volunteer Corps" is one of those efforts which the magazines are continually making, and with a fair amount of success, to preserve to the monthlies the interest of contemporary discussions. "Workhouse Sketches" belongs to the domain of social science, and advocates Miss Twining's good work. Mr. Gilmour's narrative of the "Ramsgate Life-boat" has the merit of being a perfectly true story, and is written with freshness and animation. Some verses, signed "Christina G. Rossetti," appear to us silly, affected, spasmodic.

*St. James's.* When we first laid before our readers the list of the contributors to this new magazine, we expressed a confidence in its success. A careful perusal, however, of several of the articles, led us to a less satisfactory conclusion. We cannot divest ourselves of the impression that the whole number has an air of being written down to a uniform intellectual standard, that is fatal to the individuality of the contributors. Neither in matter nor treatment will the *St. James's* bear comparison with its longer established rivals in the field of literature. When we have said that the first instalment of the serial tale, "Can Wrong be Right?" from the pen of the editor, is a very favourable specimen of Mrs. S. C. Hall's much admired descriptive and imaginative powers—and that the papers entitled "St. James's" and "The Hills of London" contain a great amount of valuable and interesting historical information relative to the antiquities of London—we fear that the first number of the new magazine has received the full measure of praise it is entitled to on its intrinsic merits. The remaining sixteen articles are scarcely above mediocrity, with perhaps the single exception, "Among the Stars in April," by Captain Drayson, R.A. "What Florence Nightingale has done and is doing" is a somewhat musty subject, unredeemed by any novelty of treatment. "Ralph the Bailiff" is not particularly promising, though perhaps it is unfair to judge of the merits of the story from the very meagre instalment before us. "Essays and Reviews" come in for their fair share of vituperation. An "Excursus for Practical People" is meant to be philosophic, but, as a matter of fact, is dull; and the following article, "What we did without him," which is obviously intended for pathos, scarcely rises to sentimentalism. "A Story for Young People," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, genially and gracefully told, concludes the number. Among the poetic contributors, the author of *Paul Ferrall* stands *facile princeps*. Her lines, entitled "The Irish All Souls' Night," are nervously and spiritedly written. Mr. Thomas Hood's "Song of the Lark in the City" is not without merit. As for Mr. Owen Meredith's effusion "Helias," we can only say that, original or translation, it is as hopelessly mysterious and incomprehensible as the incident it commemorates. A less ambitious table of contents, whereby the several writers would be enabled to develop more fully the resources of their subjects, would be a great improvement on the present cast of the magazine.

*Fraser's.* *Fraser* opens with a very philosophic and elaborate criticism on the present aspect of the "American Secession Quarrel." The writer is evidently well versed in the internal policy of the "States," and treats the whole question in a broad, comprehensive, and impartial spirit. Among the many excellent papers in the present number of *Fraser*, we may especially particularize "Public Schools"—a brief but able sketch of the principal features of this *veritas quæstio*—"Concerning Future Years," for the excellence of which the well-known initials A.K.H.B. are a sufficient guarantee; and some valuable remarks on the present "Condition and Prospects of British Sculpture," from the pen of W. M. Rossetti. The two serial stories, "Good for Nothing, or All Down Hill" and "Ida Conway," progress satisfactorily; the former evinces much genuine humour, and no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Armstrong (C. F.), *Cruise of the Daring*, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d. Newby.

Austin (A.), *The Season, a Satire*, post 8vo., 5s. Hardwicks.

Bain (R.), *Lynteria, or Revelations of the Heart*, Poems, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Longman.

Beard (J. R.), *Christian Year, a Service-Book of Anthems*, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.

Bentley's Standard Novels: *The Season Ticket*, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

Blacklead Pencil Drawing, oblong, 2s. 6d. Deane.

Botfield (B.), *Prefaces to First Editions of Greek and Roman Classics of the Sacred Scriptures*, 4to., £5. 5s. Bohn.

Bradshaw's *Through Route and Overland Guide to India*, new edition, 16mo., 3s.

Brown-Sequard (C. E.), *Lectures on Diagnosis of Paralysis of Lower Extremities*, 8vo., 6s. Williams and Norgate.

Brown's *University Calendar*, 1861, 12mo., 6s. 6d. Bell.

Collins (W. W.), *Rambles beyond Towns*, new edition, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.

Bentley's Standard Novels: *The Season Ticket*, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.

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Brown's *University Calendar*, 1861, 12mo., 6s. 6d. Bell.

Collins (W. W.), *Rambles beyond Towns*, new edition, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Simpkin.

Cowper (B. H.), *Syriae Miscellanies*, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.

Dickenson (Miss.), *Thoughts on Women; their Education*, 12mo., 2s. Longman.

Fleming (Rev. J. J.), *Remarkable Conversations*, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Nisbet.

Friswell (H.), *Footsteps to Fame, a Book to Open all other Books* post 8vo., 5s. Groombridge.

Goodrich (S. G.), *Prize-Book Keepsake*, square 16mo., 6s. 6d. Darton.

Gottschell (Dr. G.), *Moses versus Slavery, two Discourses on the Slave Question*, 8vo., 1s. Simpkin.

Holmes (O. W.), *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Low.

Hood (Thos.), *Quips and Cranks*, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Routledge.

Howitt (Mary.), *Golden Basket; Treasury of Tales for Young People*, post 8vo., 5s. Hogg.

Hutchinson (C.), *Ten Years' Rambles among the Ethiopians*, 8vo., 14s. Hurst and Blackett.

Indigo and its Enemies, 8vo., 1s. Ridgway.

Jerram (Mrs.), *Child's Own Story-Book*, eleventh edition, 16mo., 2s. 6d. Darton.

Low's *Index to Current Literature for 1860*, royal 8vo., 6s. 6d.

Lynch (T. T.), *Three Months' Ministry, a series of Sermons*, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Kent.

Marryat (Rev. J.), *Believer's Life*, 12mo., 2s. Tract Society.

Martin (W.), *Holiday Tales for Schoolboys*, second edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Darton.

Monsell (J. B.), *Prayers and Litanies from Holy Scripture*, 16mo., 2s. 6d. Masters.

Moquin-Tandon (A.), *Elements of Medical Zoology*, post 8vo., 12s. 6d. Baillière.

Moveable Pussy Party, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.

National Magazine, vol. ix., royal 8vo., 7s. 6d. Kent.

Ogilvie (G.), *The Genetic Cycle in Inorganic Nature*, 8vo., 5s. Longman.

Oliver (G.), *Lives of the Bishops of Exeter*, 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Our Homeless Poor, second edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nisbet.

Phillips (J. R.), *Remarkable Answers to Prayer*, third edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nisbet.

Regondi's *Two Hundred Christy's Minstrels and Buckley's Sevenaders' Songs for German Concertina*, 1s. Sheard.

Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*, Spring edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

Sabbath Scholar's Penny Hymn-Book, 32mo., 1s. Whitaker.

Saville (B. W.), *Lyra Sacra, a Collection of Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 12mo., 6s. Longman.

Shipley (O.), *Daily Meditations from Ancient Sources, Easter to Trinity*, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Masters.

Similes (S. J.), *Workmen's Earnings, Strikes and Savings*, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Murray.

St. Leonard's (Lord), *Baronies by Tenure, Barony of Berkeley*, 8vo., 1s. Murray.

St. Leonard's (Lord), *New Law Courts, and Funds of Officers of Court of Chancery*, 8vo., 1s. Murray.

Tweedie (W. K.), *Peace of God in the Words of Jesus*, new edition, post 8vo., 3s. 6d. Nisbet.

Twelve Great Battles of England, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Low.

Wellbeloved's *Holy Scriptures of the Old Covenant*, in a revised Translation, vol. ii., 8vo., 8s. Longman.

Westropp (T.), *Forty Selected Short Anthems*, book 2, 4to., 1s. Sheard.

Young (J.), *The Christ of History*, new edition, post 8vo., 4s. 6d. Allan.

## SCIENCE.

## NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

March 21.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.

James S. Virtue, Esq., was duly elected a member of the Society.

Mr. Evans read a short paper on the well-known medallion of Commodius, with the reverse HERC. ROM. CONDPRONI, in which he entered into the habits and freaks of this emperor, and why he called himself Hercules. He is said to have fought in the arena 730 times, and to have received for a fortnight at a time, 100,000 sestertes per diem, say about £8000. He changed the name of September to that of Hercules, and even called Rome *Colonia Commodiana*, which title the Senate ratified, and accepted for themselves that of *Senatus Commodianus*. The type of the above coin refers to the emperor ploughing out the boundary of the new colony. Mr. Evans gave many more interesting details relative to this inhuman emperor, and concluded by saying that the coin must have been struck before he resigned the name of Hercules as unworthy of his prowess, and adopted the title of "the Conqueror of 1000 Gladiators."

M. de Salis exhibited an early gold Merovingian coin.

Mr. Lockhart exhibited the following coins and ornaments:—A bone on which was a coin of Tetricus Junr. (3rd brass) found at the corner of Blomfield Street, City; specimens of stamped Chinese brass for ornaments; a small cabinet of Chinese medals; various specimens of old Chinese coins, knife, money, etc.; and a frame showing how the Chinese money is cast in fine sand.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Monday, April 1, 1861.—William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President.

William Rutherford Anstrum, Esq.; Stephen Jennings Goodfellow, M.D.; and William Newmarch, Esq., were elected members of the Royal Institution. Rev. Charles Forster, H. G. De Musy, M.D., Rev. A. Denny, and W. E. M. Tomlinson, Esq., were admitted members of the Royal Institution.

The presents received since the last meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same.

## BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

March 27.—I. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P.

Lord Baston, M. Adderley, Esq., and J. H. Holdsworth, Esq., were elected Associates.

The Rev. T. Wiltshire exhibited two forged flint implements, from Yorkshire, one of a grey, the other a black colour. They strikingly resembled the celts obtained from the drift, gravel, &c., at Abbeville and other places.

Mr. Ainslie exhibited a brass spoon, a portion of a leaden toy, and a female figure in bone, recently found in the Thames. They are all of the seventh century.

Mr. Syer Cuming read a paper "On the Châtelaine and the Etui," and exhibited a variety of beautiful specimens obtained from the collections of the late Mr. Beckford, and others. Mr. Cuming exhibited numerous examples of watch-chains, from his own collection and those of Dr. Iliff, Mr. A. Thompson, and Mr. Wood.

A paper "On the History of, and Associations connected with Ludlow Castle," written for the Shropshire Congress by Dr. Beattie, was read.

The Chairman produced the first part of the first volume of the *Collectanea Archaeologica*, just completed by the Association, containing various papers delivered at the Shropshire Congress by Mr. Botfield, the President, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, the Rev. Mr. Eyton, the Rev. Mr. Petit, Mr. Planché, Mr. Gordon Hills, Mr. I. Wright, and a most valuable Itinerary of Edward II., compiled by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne. The volume is highly illustrated. The Chairman announced that the annual general meeting would be held on the 10th April, and that notices would then be read of the Associates deceased in 1860.

## ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 3.—The President, J. Crawford, Esq., in the chair, supported by Lord Clyde, Charles Landour, and Rupert Jones, Esq.

The New Fellows elected were Andrew Lang, Esq., and E. V. Garland, Esq.

Mr. Mackintosh read a paper "On the Results of Ethnological Observations made during the last ten years in England and Wales," in which he maintained that the characteristic features of the inhabitants of different districts or ethnographical areas differ from each other in the form of the head, features, figure, temperament, and complexion, so materially as to render it after a little practice easy for an intelligent traveller to distinguish the predominating type, whether British, Scandinavian, or German. He described the Saxon characteristics to be light-brown or flaxen hair, rather broad semi-circular forehead, nearly semi-circular eyebrows, blue or bluish grey and prominent eyes, nearly straight nose of moderate length, rather short broad face, low cheek-bones, features excessively regular, figure smooth and free from projections, fingers short, and the body having a tendency to fatness. The "Friesians," or natives of Friesland, from which country England has been largely colonized, have very fair complexions, oval faces, rather prominent features, long necks, with narrow shoulders and chests. The characteristics of the Gaels were, heads elongated backwards, eyebrows oblique, low nose, frequently turned up, great distance between the nose and mouth, projecting jaws and mouth, and retreating chin. Mr. Mackintosh brought his paper to a conclusion by expressing his conviction that, in Ethnology as in Geology, the further observation extends the more apparent it becomes that nothing has sprung up by chance, but that fixed principles pervade every interstice of organic as well as of inorganic creation. A long and ably-supported debate followed, in which Dr. Knox, Mr. Robert Chambers, the President, Mr. Luke Burke, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Mackintosh were the principal speakers.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

March 30th.—Anniversary Meeting. Professor Brodie, President, in the chair.

The Report of the Council was read, from which it appeared that the Society consisted of 342 Fellows, 30 foreign members, and 10 Associates. During the year there had been a loss of 3 Fellows by death, and an acquisition of 22 new Fellows, making an increase of 19. At the ordinary meetings of the Society there had been 33 papers read, and four lectures delivered. The following were elected Officers and Council for the ensuing year:—

PRESIDENT: Hoffmann, A. W., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S. VICE-PRESIDENTS: Brände, W.T., F.R.S.; Brodie, B. C., F.R.S.; Daubeny, C. G. B., M.D., F.R.S.; Graham, Thomas, F.R.S.; Miller, W. A., M.D., F.R.S.; Playfair, Lyon, Ph.D., C.B., F.R.S.; Yorke, Colonel Philip, F.R.S.; Jones, H. Bence, M.D., F.R.S.; Porrett, Robert, F.R.S.; Smei, Alfred, F.R.S.; Williamson, A. W., Ph.D., F.R.S.

SECRETARIES: Bedwood, Theophilus, Ph.D.; Odling, William, M.B., F.R.S. FOREIGN SECRETARY: Frankland, E., Ph.D., F.R.S. TREASURER: De la Rue, Warren, Ph.D., F.R.S. COUNCIL: Andrews, Thomas, M.D., F.R.S.; Francis, William, Ph.D., F.L.S.; Gladstone, J. H., Ph.D., F.R.S.; Longstaff, G. D., M.D.; Marct, W., M.D., F.R.S.; Mercer, John, F.R.S.; Normandy, A. R. L. M.; Perkins, W. H.; Roscoe, H. E., Ph.D.; Schunck, Edward, Ph.D., F.R.S.; Stenhouse, John, LL.D., F.R.S.; Warington, Robert.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON., APRIL 8.—Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.

Royal Geographical Society, 8½.—North-west Australia, "Report on the Organization of the Exploring Expedition from

Perth to the North-west Coast of Australia," by Mr. F. T. Gregory, F.R.G.S.; "North-east Australia, Memoranda on the Ports of," by Mr. A. C. Gregory, F.R.G.S., with "Report on the Exploring Expedition to the River Burdekin," by Mr. J. W. Smith, R.N., communicated by Sir George Bowen, F.R.G.S., Governor of Queensland, through the Duke of Newcastle; South Australia, Expeditions in, by the Governor, Sir R. McDonnell, and Major Warburton; Latest News from the Expedition to the Sources of the White Nile, under Captains Speke and Grant.

Royal United Service Institution, 7½.—Captain Haisted, R.N., on "Iron-clad Ships."

TUES., APRIL 9.—Zoological Society of London, 9.—Mr. H. Adams, on "A New Genus and some New Species of Shells from the Collection of H. Cuming, Esq."

Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Continued Discussion upon Mr. Murray's Paper on "The North Sea."

WED., APR. 10.—British Archaeological Association, 4.—Annual General Meeting.

Microscopical Society, 8.

Geographical Society, 8.—On "The Elevations and Depressions of the Earth in North America" by Dr. A. Gossner, F.G.S. On "The Geology of Palliser's Exploring Expedition in North America," by Dr. J. Hector, communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.

Royal Society of Literature, 8½.

Royal Society, 8.

Society of Antiquaries, 8.

Royal Astronomical Society, 8.

Royal United Service Institution, 3.—Lecture, by Major Miller, R.A., V.C., on "The Italian Campaign of 1859, part 1, General Account."

SAT., APR. 13.—Royal Botanic Society, 3½.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, 10.

Monday, April 8, Three o'clock.—Professor Helmholz, on "Musical Acoustics."

Tuesday, April 9, Three o'clock.—Professor Owen, on "Fishes."

Wednesday, April 10, Three o'clock.—Professor Helmholz, on "Musical Acoustics."

Thursday, April 11, Three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall, on "Electricity."

Friday, April 12, Eight o'clock.—Professor Helmholz, on "The Application of the Law of Force to the Conservation of Organic Nature."

Saturday, April 13, Three o'clock.—Max Müller, Esq., on "The History of Language."

## THE UNIVERSITIES.

CAMBRIDGE, April 4.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen on the subject of the appropriation of a portion of the revenues of Trinity College for the purpose of augmenting the benefices in the gift of that society. On the one side, it is asserted that a considerable portion of the revenues is so applied; whilst, on the other hand, it is alleged that, with the exception of funds specifically bequeathed, the portion so devoted is small. It is to be regretted that the disputants have not particularized what they respectively mean by the terms considerable and small; but I suppose the truth will come out in the end. I learn from Mr. Cooper's *Memorials of Cambridge*, now in course of publication, that the Rev. John Pigott, sometime Fellow of Trinity, gave in his lifetime in 1811, £12,000 for augmenting the poorer vicarages in the gift of the society; that, in 1830, the Rev. Edward Yeats, M.A., sometime Fellow, bequeathed £5000 for the augmentation of the vicarages of Kendal, Kirby Lonsdale, and Sedbergh; that the late Master, Dr. Wordsworth, in his lifetime gave £500 to augment the Pigott fund, and that to his zealous exertions the college is indebted for the institution of the Vicarage and Domus Fund connected therewith. I suppose that this Vicarage and Domus Fund really forms the subject of the present dispute.

A much larger number of students has remained in the university during the present vacation, than one would be led to suppose from the almost entire absence in the streets of the familiar caps and gowns. Many are reading hard for the approaching ordinary B.A. examination in May. This formerly took place in January, at the same time as the examination for mathematical honours. The examinations for scholarships are now being held at several colleges.

The Cambridge Horticultural Society will give a grand *réte* on the 22nd of next month. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has given £50 for additional prizes, and it is expected he will honour the exhibition with his presence. A special ticket has been engraved for the occasion.

A company has been formed for the establishment of a Turkish bath; so that the under-graduates will, in a short time, have the opportunity of going through a course of training similar to that recommended by Admiral Rous for the racehorses at Newmarket.

The admirable sermons preached before the uni-

versity last Lent, by the Rev. Thomas J. Rowsell, M.A., Rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, London, have appeared in print under the title of *Man's Labour and God's Harvest*. The third sermon, wherein the preacher speaks of the paltry sort of persecution which in our time is possible, contains the following unmistakeable allusion to the violent clamour against the *Essays and Reviews* :—

"Perhaps the most really trying of all such persecutions springs up in quarters where we might least have a right to expect it; where men of piety in all other respects, and men of character and learning, direct the outrages of ignorance and popular theological hatred, and supply the words and charges as weapons ready to be cast on others, who have earned by study and patient care, and genius of a high order, and honest hearts of truth, the noble right of speaking convictions and interpretations which thwart the usual stream of theological teaching."

A work just announced, entitled *The Student's Guide to the Cambridge University Course*, will, in all likelihood, supply a want which has been much felt. Several gentlemen of great experience in tuition, are engaged in its compilation, but as they have chosen to remain anonymous, it would not become me to disclose their names. Among the subjects to be treated of, are the choice of a college, the expense of a university education, course of reading preparatory to entering studies for the "little-go," the classical and mathematical triposes, the theological examination, and the Indian Civil Service. The mode of obtaining degrees will also be described.

The Rev. William Edward Dickson, M.A., precentor of Ely, has just published *A Catalogue of the Ancient Choral Services and Anthems preserved among the MSS., Scores, and Part Books in the Cathedral*. This acceptable contribution to the history of our sacred music is published at the expense of the Dean and Chapter. The music library at Ely owns its valuable and interesting collection of MSS. chiefly to the pious care and indefatigable industry of James Hawkins, Mus. Bac., who filled the office of organist during forty-seven years, namely, from 1682 till his death in 1729.

Age certainly does not improve the *Cambridge University Calendar*, which has just made its annual appearance. The new college statutes are described in very few instances, and then only in a meagre and perfunctory manner, whilst the lists are by no means so accurate as could be wished. All the students, for example, who proceeded to their degrees in the term just expired, appear in the present volume both as Bachelors of Arts and Undergraduates. It is to be hoped that next year the work will be placed under the supervision of a competent editor.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

PARIS, April 3.  
The great subject of conversation in Paris at present, is the translation of the remains of the first Napoleon from the little chapel of St. Jerome, in the Invalides, to the sarcophagus prepared for it under the dome. Report says that the sarcophagus is not intended to be the "*domus ultima*" of the great hero, but that it is to receive in succession the ashes of the last occupant of the imperial throne, as soon as a new tenant can claim it as a resting-place; then the mortal remains last deposited within it will be removed to the crypt at St. Denis. This is spoken of so confidently that it is difficult to believe the report to be without foundation; but it seems strangely inconsistent with the Napoleonic traditions, it is an imitation, and not a good one, of the Bourbon mode of sepulture; and I know that the army has expressed a strong desire that the body of Napoleon may not again be disturbed. It is a fact that the tomb under the dome of the Invalides can properly be occupied only by one inmate. St. Denis will be a fitting cemetery for a dynasty, but the great founder should repose alone.

Many of the English papers have given extracts from the account read by M. Cortambert, before the Geographical Society of Paris, concerning his travel in the basin of the Orinoco; but they have omitted perhaps the most remarkable of the statements made by that adventurous traveller, that he had discovered a race of people who to a great extent are "goophari."

who literally feed upon clay! The clay in question is of a reddish-yellow colour, and contains, as may be supposed, a large portion of oxide of iron. It is made into rolls or flat cakes, and requires cooking before it can be used as food: the natives fry it with palm oil, and it is then said to be so far an effective nourishment, that for months together a man will require no other. It does not, however, appear to be eaten, except in times of famine; and to those unaccustomed to it, it is by no means at all times a salutary esculent. M. Cortambert says, that among drunkards there is frequently found a depraved appetite for this red earth, and those who are the victims of the disease are curious as to the qualities of the delicacy, some kinds being much more eagerly sought after than others. He gives rather a laughable account of the damage done to the houses or cabins of the Indians, which are constructed of clay: when an especially choice morsel is found to make a part of the walls, a depredator will breakfast off one brick and dine off another, till windows appear where certainly the architect did not design them.

A more important though less singular discovery is that of great sago forests in the Fiji islands. This has been the subject of as much discussion here as would be in England the discovery of new cotton fields open to British enterprise. It is remarked that the tree has not been hitherto supposed to grow so far south. In these islands it is called the *sago*, evidently a corruption of the name *sago*, or *sagow*, given to it elsewhere. These forests are so extensive as to promise an important addition to the commerce of the Archipelago.

Some ridicule has been cast upon those wonderful *gobe-mouches* who supply the English papers with foreign news, by the way in which they have been recently taken in as to Chinese intelligence. Some *littérateur* hard up for something to say, has imported the *suttee* into China, and given a detailed account of a thrilling event, of which he was lately a witness at Hongkong. He says that a lady, dressed in red and covered with ornaments, deliberately hung herself in public, surrounded by an admiring crowd, and that several such *suttées* had taken place within a few weeks, the authorities being powerless to prevent the display. What makes the matter more ridiculous is that the story has been repeated on the authority of the Chinese correspondents of English papers.

It is well that truth as well as fiction is at work on ethnological and geographical subjects. We are likely before long to have a reliable account of the Puelches, a Patagonian people living in the Pampas of South America. A M. Guinard, who left Buenos Ayres some three years ago with a friend, to go to Rosario on some commercial business, lost his way and having wandered far to the south, was captured with his companion, by a tribe of those Indians, and has been detained till very lately in captivity among them. His personal adventures, which are looked forward to with great eagerness. He was employed as a guardian or keeper of a herd of wild horses, and by means of these he escaped to one of the ports of Chili.

We are still occupied very much with catalogues. Some of these I touched on last week; and, now, in addition to that of Karl Ritter's library, the first volume of which has already appeared, and which justifies the strictures passed in many quarters on the conduct of the Prussian government for not acquiring the whole collection for the use of the nation, we learn that the library of Dr. Hallbaum of Leipzig, is soon to be sold by auction. This collection contains the most complete assemblage of editions of Plato, and of works on the Platonic philosophy, in all Germany.

The Belgian government, too, is at work in the way of cataloguing, and we may expect before long a list of books written in Belgium, in the French language, from the thirteenth century to the time of Margaret of Austria. This intention is by no means disagreeable to the powers that be here, for it already cited as adding another proof to the many alleged, that Belgium in spirit and literature is but a province of France.

I mentioned in my last the appearance of the Princess Metternich at the representation of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. I will not repeat the ridiculous anecdotes current here about her and her chârades at the Imperial court, because, though the

circulate freely enough, no one believes them. The lady is very enthusiastic, quite a "fanatica per la musica del futuro;" but beyond this I advise English readers to believe *nothing* about Princess Metternich, especially when her name is brought into connection with that of the Emperor.

M. Drouyn de l'Huys has been formally installed as member of the Academy. This gentleman is so thoroughly versed in English literature and, if we may venture to say it, so completely acquainted with the spirit of English institutions, that his presence in the Academy will be a gain as much to England as to France.

The works of Charles Dickens have at length found a competent translator in France, and, as far as the feat is possible—and this is only in a very limited degree—Sam Weller is made to talk French, and to amuse the *badouls* of Paris. Higher praise could not be given. The general impression made on those French readers who have gone through *Pickwick* is, that the hero may be taken as an example—a very favourable one, no doubt—of an English gentleman, and Sam Weller of an English servant. They observe how constant a consumption there is of wine, gin, brandy, rum, cold punch, porter, and pale ale, and repeat all the absurd stories which are still current in French society about English intemperance. In other respects, imperfect as the translation of M. Grolier must be, it has been well received, and has rather added to than taken from the estimation in which we are held among our neighbours.

The *Life of Lord Dundonald* has been much noticed here, and a French biography of considerable interest has been compared with it. The book to which I allude is the *Souvenirs d'un Amiral, par le Contre-Amiral Juriel de la Gravière*. M. Antoine de la Tour published, in the latter part of last year, a work which is only just now emerging into public favour: it is entitled, *Toledo et les Bords du Tage*, and gives an admirable and picturesque description of one of the most picturesque cities in Spain. Since the publication of this work, M. Latour has given the world another, entitled, *Une Croisade au Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, which is a brief and episodical account of the war in Morocco, recently terminated, and a translation of an old Castilian comedy. In poetry there is *Les Parasites* by Edmond Pailleron, a series of lively satires, and in a style not common since the days of La Fontaine and the *Epîtres Rustiques*, by Joseph Autran; while *Les Hirondelles*, a translation of Louis Wilé's German poems, has been published by M. Pierre Monnier and prefaced by a remarkably able essay on Jewish poetry.

MADRID, March 27.

Everybody who knows anything about Spain must know the fondness of the people for proverbs. *Don Quixote* is a perfect repertory of them, and some found in that work are now no longer intelligible. Don Ramon Abanceres has lately published a collection of all such as have fallen under his notice, and has added explanations and commentaries. His *Colección de Adagios ó refranes españoles* is a valuable book, and will, in all probability be much appreciated. Another volume of a similar tendency, newly brought out, is the *Romancero Popular*—the *Popular Romancer*. It must be borne in mind that the Spanish *romance* is not a romance in our sense of the word, but a ballad, usually chivalric in its character, and for the most part convergent with Moors and conquests over them. The two works most read in Spain are the *Cancionero General* and the *Romancero General*; and the book now referred to is an attempt, and a very praiseworthy one, to widen the sphere in which these *canciones* and *romances* will be known.

M. Madrazo has been received at the Academy, and has made his speech. As he has been all his life a student of Gongora, and affects the enthusiasm of that celebrated but most eccentric writer, he could hardly be expected to forego his favourite style on so conspicuous an occasion. Accordingly, as Gongorism is no longer in fashion, the new member's discourse has been somewhat severely passed: utter want of taste is the least demerit attributed to it; some go so far as to say that there is an utter want of sense too: but M. Madrazo may console himself with the reflection that had Gongora lived in these times he would have been spoken of in the same

terms. We are to have a Spanish literary journal and it is to bear the title of *The Minerva*. I shall tell you all about it as soon as it comes out. It is, at any rate, a great slip in advance to project such a journal.

Don Francisco Gonzalez, Professor of Literature at the University of Granada, has already published some numbers of his great work *Spain under the Arabs*. Don V. Imat has published the first volume of his *Political and Parliamentary History of Spain*.

In scientific matters we are imitating our Gallic neighbours, in trying what use can be made in the way of acclimatization; and it is believed that the climate of Spain will suit many birds, trees, plants, and animals which have hitherto been only found in latitudes far to the south. We are already trying the ostrich, and Don P. Graello gives us hope that this desideratum may be happily accomplished. The Madrids are already expecting cheap feathers.

The *Romancero de la Guerra de África*, written by Don Eduardo Bustillo, has appeared, and has completely satisfied the Spanish mind. Its spirit goes back to the time of the old Moorish wars, and many portions of it might have been written by the minstrels of the Cid Campeador himself. How far the book is to be looked upon as having the veracity of history (and this is what they contend here in Spain—in *esta corte*) may be doubted: it only pretends to be a "Romancero"; but it is undoubtedly a successful book, and deserves to be so. One tale, greatly admired, is as follows:—Long ago, a Spanish cavalier, whose mind dwelt vividly on the wrongs inflicted by a chief of the Abencerrages on an ancestor of his own, resolved to go over to Morocco, find out the descendant of the aggressor, and avenge the insult by single combat. He took a vow not to return to his native city (Algesiras) till he had accomplished his mission. Arrived in Africa, he found that the only descendant of the Abencerrage in question was a friendless and forsaken girl. He took her under honourable and Christian protection, and thus repaid nobly the injury of past ages; but not deeming his vow accomplished, he built a hermitage, from which he could, in fine clear weather, see across the straits the white houses of Algesiras. Here, after some years, he died; and the hermitage is still called by the Moors, "la casa del renegado"—the house of the renegade—though the cavalier never forsook the faith of his fathers, and died an exile in consequence of his vow.

From Italy we have the agreeable intelligence that a weekly literary paper has successfully commenced its career.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Last week attention was directed to some of the more important figure-pictures in this Exhibition. We shall now glance at the landscapes; and as this is considered the branch of Art in which this society is strongest, there may be less hesitation in honestly measuring that strength, because, when found relatively deficient, the strong can better bear plain-spoken truth, even when unpalatable, than the weak. In all the higher qualities of landscape, *Rome from the Pincian Gardens*, by Mr. J. B. Pyne (No. 73), is the greatest picture in the rooms, and without hastily pre-judging what the Royal Academy may present, it may safely be affirmed that in delicious refinement of colour, and sunny, aerial clearness, few works produced this season will compare, and perhaps not one will surpass, this very perfect example of Pyne's best style of landscape. There are two peculiarities in this small picture, which those who study Art cannot fail to notice, although the entire canvas will probably be passed almost without attention by the mass of exhibition-goers. The first is the peculiar line which the trees present at an angle through nearly the centre of the picture—a line of composition which few men would have dared to at-

tempt, and which nothing but high artistic feeling for atmospheric and aerial perspective could have rendered tolerable. This is one of those daring defiances of all rules by which genius justifies itself through success, but which the want of genius converts into appalling monstrosities. The second peculiarity is that which has helped the artist so successfully to overcome the first, that remarkable reality of colour, and consequent absence of the idea of paint, which distinguishes this *Rome* from all the pictures by which it is surrounded. It is essential in the present state of British Art to insist on, and reiterate, this distinction, because in nothing are the living race of artists more deficient or more liable to err. Strange as it seems, the coarse crudities of paint are more popular with the multitude than the refined and mellowed tone of genuine colour; and in a fussy, zeal-without-knowledge, transition state between indolent and inexcusable neglect of Art and its enlightened support, the men who dare defy popularity, and who prefer honouring their art to being themselves honoured, are worthy of all approbation. Of this small and faithful band Mr. Pyne is one of the most eminent; and of his success and devotion No. 73 is a small but distinguished specimen—a picture which, for tone, Turner might have produced in his very best days, without tarnishing his unequalled reputation as a master of aerial effect.

The next landscape of importance is not the large picture of Mr. Vicat Cole—for the value of pictures as works of art is not determined by the square yards of canvas which they cover—but the smaller one, *Autumn*, No. 491, a picture displaying some remarkable evidences of artistic strength, along with some traces of what may look like beauty of style, but which are in reality evidences of weakness. It may be said of the *Sunny Cornfield*, No. 125, by this artist, that had the Linnells never painted cornfields, Mr. Vicat Cole would not have been so partial to this particular subject; because, with all his admirable painting,—and the middle distance, and distance of this *Sunny Cornfield* is most admirably painted,—the *Autumn* is more like an exercise of the artist's own individuality, and therefore it is for him a much better picture. In spite of all its beauties the *Cornfield* recalls memory to its, perhaps to the artist, unconscious parentage; but the style, and colour, and transparency of the *Autumn*, particularly the left-hand portion of the picture, are like the works of no other artist, except, perhaps, some of the best earlier pictures of Creswick. The beech-tree and its surroundings show that Mr. Cole is determined to gain a kingdom for himself, and that he has well-nigh succeeded in converting his ardent ambition into a realized success; but there are some slippery steps near the summit of Fame's temple, and against these Mr. Cole should be watchfully on his guard. He knows, although the public do not, that there is such a thing as getting a picture too transparent in colour; such a thing as losing solidity and texture from applying the same style of touch and treatment to a solid, opaque beech-tree trunk, that is most successful when applied to the slim, transparent foliage which overspreads the stem. There are evidences of this uniformity of texture on substances wholly dissimilar in this picture of *Autumn*; and against that tendency the artist should guard, as he would against a paralysing plague. With that exception, and the obtrusive prominence of the red-brown ferns in foreground—a prominence which distracts the eye, and prevents it from resting on, and calmly enjoying, the work as a whole—this picture is one of the best works produced by any young British landscape painter, and

far excels all that Mr. Cole has heretofore accomplished. He has made a long stride forward, but he has reached a point where he cannot remain, and he must either make another bold leap over the gulf which still separates him from indisputable eminence as a landscape painter, or he will, after floundering for footing on an impossible slope, gradually slide back into the slough of mannered mediocrity.

No. 152, *On the Coast, South Wales*, J. Syer, introduces us to a totally different style of art, a style in which clever manipulation and great conventional dexterity are combined with an opaque materiality, which makes such artists painters of what are no doubt respectable pictures, but which are very indifferent works of art. As some poets can write highly respectable rhymes, without a scintillation of true poetry, so some painters can paint pictures pleasant enough to look at, but destitute of all the distinguishing characters of the works of the true artist; who is also a poet, but who uses pigments as his vehicle of expression, rather than words. To this higher walk in Art, unfortunately, Mr. Syer shows decreasing power of rising, although his pictures prove that he is, in landscape, almost, if not absolutely, at the head of the class to which he has settled down. He takes rank at the head of what may be called the conventional and material school; and the number of his followers in this Exhibition, time and patience would alike fail even to name. Of what may be called the established men, Mr. Syer may be placed at the top, and Mr. Tennant at the bottom of this class; for it is difficult to suppose reputations of any kind got up on materialism and conventionalism more intense than Mr. Tennant's, which is very fairly represented by No. 14, *Distant View of Brecon after the Flood of 1854*; a subject where this artist's supposed strength in the treatment of water in perspective has the most ample opportunity of development. Still, even with this advantage, it is an intensely poor picture, inasmuch as it reveals, more fully, an inherent poverty of style, which can be more successfully hidden amidst rolling mists and flaring sunbeams, but which shows itself predominant even where most is done to wrap it up in the rags of nobler thoughts. Still another phase of landscape, and yet another style of Art, is represented by the class of whom F. W. Hulmes and W. W. Gosling may be considered the representative men—a class whom the influence of pre-Raphaelism has driven from the old style, without leading them to the consummation of that delusive theory which, when carried faithfully out, has at least the quality of imitation to offer its admirers. Of Mr. Hulmes' pictures, No. 47, *A Village Green, Surrey*, may be taken as the most favourable, as it certainly is the most vigorous example; but it is the vigour of an ill-tuned instrument, where the performer attempts to make up by noise what he wants in harmony. The materials are all there, and the colours are all there, for a good picture; but there is no atmosphere to combine them, and none of those accidental influences which play such a prominent part in giving variety and effect to what might otherwise appear the bald uniformity of nature. For instance, the greens of nature will not grow all alike, and trees will assume a more transparent tone than village pastures; while roads will not put on the colour of newly-painted warehouses, to suit the convenience of artists or the "pretty" ideas of picture-buyers. There is infinite variety of tint and character lurking beneath that general uniformity of tone which a superficial observer supposes to exist in a beaten path, even across a village green, and a balancing compensation in colour which warms

up the coldest greys of earth when opposed to the greens and greys of trees and sunless sky. The same principles of balance are equally true of days of sunshine as of shadow, principles which Turner and Constable and their conpeers understood and practised, and which the literality of full-fledged pre-Raphaelism does not ignore, but which have been lost by that class of artists who are off from the old 'love without fully embracing the new. They no doubt justify themselves to themselves by supposing that they have made a reasonable compromise; but whatever they may do about style, which is a mere mode of expression, they have no right to compromise principles, which are absolute and immutable. It matters little, for example, whether Mr. Gosling paints his trees with two hundred or two thousand touches of his pencil; although, from using the larger number, he would, as he does, get them mingled and feathery, and not at all like foliage; but it does matter, because it indicates a radical difference in principles whether he paints his river liquid and pellucid as a flowing stream, or clear and hard like a frozen lake. In the one case the drawing, the tone, and the quality of the reflections are totally different from what they are in the other; and few who see Mr. Gosling's pictures in this Exhibition—subjects on the Thames—will be able to resist the conclusion that his present style is more akin to ice than running water in the river. It would be easy to show that this may also be an offshoot, through compromise, with the expiring "ism," but enough has been said to suggest the train of thought which would lead to that conclusion. If Mr. Gosling would paint foliage and rich fern fronds, reflected in water, from which he banished opaque white with a large brush, for a season, his style as an artist might return to its pristine promise; but continuance in his present course will end in reducing him to a cold and soulless mannerist, while he has the capacity and skill to make a place for himself at least in the second rank of English landscape painters.

Of the pictures of Pettit, and Pitt, and Peel, little requires to be said, because, with the exception of the first-named artist, there is nothing calling for remark; and the tendency to blackness which still haunts Mr. Pettit is less visible in his works this year, and appears to be expiring in others of whom the evil spirit appeared to have taken full possession. Mr. Clint is also striking out from that purple and yellow which destroyed his works for years. The multitude of those artists with whose styles and works the public are familiar, require no special notice, except that as a whole the general average of this Suffolk Street is higher this season than for some years past; but it may be doubted whether even a higher level of mediocrity will make a more attractive, although it certainly does make a more valuable Exhibition. Judged by the standard of general average "Suffolk Street" has this year decidedly improved; let us hope that this progress is but the first-fruits of a new start in the professional career of some of the younger and more vigorous among the members of this Society.

## THE NEW HORTICULTURAL GARDENS AT KENSINGTON.

These gardens were opened to a select portion of the public on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, and on the first day there was a numerous and fashionable company. The architectural structures are respectable reproductions of old types, with nothing new in general forms, either to praise or to blame; while there are some highly creditable specimens of terra-cotta pillars, so far as relates to some of the details, and the entire style of casting and getting up. The interior of the board-room, a well-proportioned

hall, is unfinished; the masters of decoration at Kensington not being able, it is said, to make up their minds as to how the simple colouring of the walls ought to be done! A portion of the brickwork is furnished with rubbed bricks—a system vicious in principle, and destructive of durability, and which ought to be frowned upon by architects of influence. The garden sections are laid out with great nicely and almost unparalleled labour; but gardens are intended to grow flowers, and not to show linear walks in different-coloured gravels. This is the application of colour run mad, and it commits the unpardonable blunder, especially in the teachers of Art, of sacrificing utility to false ornamentation. These buildings and grounds are said to be really, although not ostensibly, the products of the Art Department; and the Minister may thank the Fates that there are no members of the House of Commons capable of contrasting the object for which the Art Department was established with what is popularly supposed to be this development of its ideas in a practical form.

## WHAT IS AN ARCHITECT?

This question has been raised by the appointment of Mr. Bonomi to the Curatorship of Sir J. Soane's Museum. The appointment is vested in the Council of the Royal Academy, and is to be conferred on an architect who has gained some honour in his profession. The Council selected a gentleman who is not a professional architect. The trustees of the Museum decline to receive him, and the Architectural Institute protests against the selection as contrary both to the spirit and letter of the Founder's will. The *Athenaeum*, in defence of the Committee, first asks how an architect is to be known; and after going over a number of names, concludes that a builder is an architect, and "the greatest builders are the greatest architects." By parity of reasoning, the most expert compositor in our contemporary printing-office will be the greatest author—a conclusion which may perhaps account for the feeble nonsense of setting up this broken reed for the undoubtedly wrong-doing of the Council of the Royal Academy. An architect is a constructive thinker, using building materials as his means of expression, just as an artist uses paint, or a novelist uses plots, or a poet verse, as the medium of their expression; and the intention of Sir John Soane was that an architect, whose original thought had been so conspicuous as to secure for him some public honour, should be selected for the curatorship of his gift to the country. It seems impossible that human dulness should escape a conclusion so evident; and both the trustees and architects do well to resist the appointment by every means within their reach.

## ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition was opened by a conversazione on Wednesday evening last, in the rooms of the Institution, which passed off most pleasantly. The designs deserve more lengthened notice.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening this Society gave one of their interesting and delightful conversazioni in the large hall of King's College, Strand. There was a numerous gathering of celebrities on the occasion, among whom were the Lord Chief Baron, Dr. Dymond, and the principal members of the Society; there was also a strong muster of antiquaries, artists, and men of letters. The specimens of Photography exhibited excited general admiration, particularly a series showing the late solar eclipse, and a clear and beautiful print from a statue by Mr. Durham. Altogether the success of the evening must have been as highly gratifying to the directors, as the pleasure was to those fortunate enough to secure invitations.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The recess of Passion Week at the theatres has been succeeded by the novelties of Easter. These are too numerous, and call for too lengthy notice, to enable us to comprise our glance at them all within the limits of this week's issue. In our next number we shall hope to present our readers with an account of the new dramas which want of space compels us this week to omit.

## COVENT GARDEN.

The extraordinary success which attended the production of Meyerbeer's "Prophète" towards the close of the Italian season last year quite warranted Mr. Gye in selecting it as the opera with which to inaugurate the present season; and certainly, out of all the operatic works of which the *répertoire* is at present constituted, there is not one calculated to display in so eminent a degree the apparently unbounded resources of this establishment. The cast of the characters was identical with that of last year, Mlle. Csillag being the representative of *Fides*, Signor Tamberlik *Jean of Leyden*, Mlle. Corbari *Bertha*, the betrothed of *Jean*; and the three *Anabaptists* respectively enacted by Signors Neri-Baraldi, Polonini, and Zelger. The part of *Court d'Obéral* was again assigned to Signor Tagliafico. There are few, we think, who would be inclined to call into question the propriety of Meyerbeer's judgment in his preference of Mme. Viardot-Garcia as the representative of the Prophet's mother, but Mlle. Csillag follows at no great distance, almost equaling her illustrious antecessor in her dramatic delineation, and certainly surpassing her in the charm of her voice. Mlle. Corbari, as *Bertha*, is not very efficient. Signor Tamberlik sustained his well-earned reputation throughout the opera, but was hardly so effective in the celebrated drinking song, —

"Reviam, e intorno girl  
Il nettare sputante,"

at the close of the last act, as in the rest of the opera. In the tremendous scene where the *Prophet* is constrained to deny his own mother; and again, in the fourth act, where he is reproached by his betrothed, *Bertha*, for the blood which he has shed, he showed himself a thorough master of dramatic power, and, as such, has no rival in the delineation of the character, except Mario. The splendid coronation scene in the third act, with its countless groups, waving banners, gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, and grand music, must long stand unrivalled for its overpowering effect; and the mind of the spectator, divided between the pleasures of the eye and the ear, is left in a state of delightful bewilderment. The magnificent orchestra seems to have attained that degree of perfection which it is impossible to surpass; and all we can now hope for, is that the operas, which it will be called upon to execute, will be as nearly as possible of the highest class, and that its unrivalled powers may not be wasted in giving a temporary vitality to some of the weak and second-rate works included in Mr. Gye's list, such as Mercadante's "Giuramento," and others of a similar description. At the conclusion of the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the whole company, the solo part being taken by Mlle. Csillag.

## LYCEUM.

If the respective merits of the English and French schools of dramatic art had to be decided by a comparison between the two new dramas, one of French, the other English—at least Irish—extraction, now being performed at the Lyceum, we should be at no loss to understand why managers preferred adaptations from the French to home productions. In these two plays, whatever is French is at least vigorous and artistic; whatever is English is weak, dabbly, and disconnected.

The first novelty is entitled "MacCarthy More; or, Possession Nine Points of the Law," and is from the pen of Samuel Lover, Esq. Mr. Lover is a man with whom it is difficult to be harsh. We are indebted to him for so many pleasant songs and entertaining novels, that we can, out of consideration for them, overlook, always but when we are listening to them, his *bad* plays. We use the term *bad* as the most applicable, for bad they are; faulty in construction, weak in interest, disconnected to an almost inconceivable degree in plot, they do not even afford scope for the display of the histrionic ability which might possibly relieve their monotony; and the points and jokes which do tell, are too few and too slight to save them from the verdict of worthlessness, at which we believe every unbiased judgment would arrive.

We do not feel inclined to give a critical analysis of the series of undramatic events which forms what the author might be pleased to call the plot. The

Leading idea is one not infrequent in Irish dramas, that of representing shrewdness and humour in the Irish peasant, in connection with fidelity to the old proprietor of the district, and dislike to its new possessors. There is some attempt at relieving this commonplace conception by the representation of an interview between *Sir Peignory Pip*, a species of driveling judge, bitten with a mania for composition, and *MacCarthy More* himself, the hero of the piece, but in the disguise of *Dean Swift*. *Sir Peignory* narrates to the supposed *Dean* the plot of his new novel, which is of a sufficiently murderous nature. This conversation is overheard by a customhouse-officer, an alarmist in politics, who brings down the military upon the supposed conspirators. This feeble idea will bring immediately to the minds of our readers the anecdote of the actor in the time of James I. who was arrested in consequence of being similarly overheard to say, "I'll kill the King"; and this incident has been worn threadbare by succeeding playwrights. Mr. Drew, as a thoroughly skilful and natural delineator of the Irish peasant, did his utmost to make the best of the hopeless part which was assigned him. The acting of the whole piece was creditable; the incidental music, arranged by Mr. George Loder, very beautiful and effective; the dresses and scenery were faultless, the last scene especially; the exterior of the castle of *MacCarthy More* was truly admirable in its combination of effects, and was vehemently applauded by the audience. We can only regret that so much talent and conscientious attention have been wasted upon so barren, and we fear it will prove so unremunerative, a piece.

"New Year's Eve, or the Belle of the Season," is an adaptation from the French of M. Dumas, Fils. The first two scenes are laid in Baden-Baden, where *Rosalie Lee* (Miss Matilda Heron) appears as the heroine of the piece. She is under the charge of a not altogether trustworthy guardian, *Mrs. Bobinette* (Mrs. Winstanley), a fashionable London milliner, whose distinguishing characteristics are a slavish idolatry of rank, and a truly enormous appetite. *Rosalie* is engaged to *Herbert Sinclair* (Mr. H. Neville), a young gentleman, who, previously to his introduction to her, had been betrothed to a young heiress, *Julia Montrose* (Miss Stuart). *Rosalie* has another admirer in the person of *Count Gaditzky*, one of the foreign adventurers who swarm at these German baths; and the claims of the so-called *Count* are backed by the warm approbation of *Mrs. Bobinette*, who is fascinated by the title. At the commencement of the drama, the father of *Herbert Sinclair* appears, and owns to *Rosalie* that he is on the brink of a terrible calamity, which can only be averted by his son's marriage with the young heiress to whom he is betrothed. By these representations, he succeeds in working upon the warm-hearted girl, induces her not only to swear to break off her connection with *Herbert*, but not to let him know the influence which has brought about this falsification of her vows. As the best means of keeping this promise, she receives, and to a certain extent encourages, the attentions of the *soi-disant Count*. *Herbert Sinclair's* indignation at the treachery of his mistress is only equalled by the ardour of the love he still entertains towards her; and his alternate moods of passionate resentment and equally passionate repentance and entreaty, contrasted with the enforcedly mute anguish of the broken-hearted *Rosalie*, are very telling when at the end of the second act, the latter has rejected his entreaties to fly with him, he breaks out into a climax of jealousy, insults his rival and wounds him in a duel, and brands his mistress as false before the full assembly of the rank and fashion of the celebrated watering-place at which they are. This idea, though thoroughly consistent in France and of a Frenchman, who would not scruple to make the whole world the confidant of his sorrows and would expect sympathy from all, sits but badly upon English shoulders, being a spirit antagonistic to the reserve which characterizes the utmost violence of English attachment. In the third act, *Rosalie* is a poor seamstress in the now broken-down establishment of *Mrs. Bobinette*, but she still preserves her attachment to *Herbert*. He appears in this time of her utmost need and renews his proposal, but, faithful to her promise, she refuses his advances, and will assign no motive. The mystery is, how-

ever, cleared up by *Miss Montrose*, the heiress to whom *Herbert* was betrothed. She, it appears, was scarcely less averse to the match proposed between them than was *Herbert* himself; and, moved by the devotion and patience of the suffering *Rosalie*, she returns *Herbert* his promise of marriage, and tells him the laudable motive which had been at the root of the incomprehensible conduct of his beloved. Thus, of course, all difficulties are squared, and "all goes merry as a wedding bell." There are many other characters incidental to the drama, and these, though not without merit, contribute little to the development of the plot. In the piece there are many truly forcible and dramatic situations, and it is distinguished by that careful and artistic completeness which constitutes an immense advantage that the French stage possesses over its English rival. The adaptation into English is by no means first-rate; the interpolations are at once cumbrous and weak, the points ineffective, and altogether the English element which is introduced forms an essential weakness in the piece. It is well put upon the stage, and well acted. *Miss Heron*, as *Rosalie Lee*, and Mr. Neville, as *Herbert Sinclair*, had of course to sustain the weight of the responsibility, and both acted well. *Miss Heron* is a welcome and valuable addition to the Lyceum *troupe*. She is at once painstaking, original, and daring in her acting. There is about it great breadth and power, and in several instances her conceptions were very natural and moving. A little softening and refinement will add one element in which she came a little short of what we should conceive was the character of *Rosalie*. The soliloquies for her in the piece were too long, and it required consummate and practised ability to prevent them becoming a little tedious. In addition to *Miss Heron*, the Lyceum *troupe* has been strengthened by the engagement of Mrs. Winstanley and Miss Willard.

STRAND.

The Easter piece at the Strand Theatre consists of a burlesque extravaganza, by H. J. Byron, Esq., entitled "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." The name of Mr. Byron is now familiar as one of the most prolific and successful of our writers of burlesque, and the present is entitled to rank among his happiest efforts.

The *Arabian Nights* is of course the source from which the plot is taken; and while considerable innovations have been made upon the familiar tale of "Aladdin," the leading features are still maintained. The gorgeous scenery, dresses, and decorations are worthy of their oriental origin, and the effects produced by them are very impressive and admirable. The successive appearance of the different characters upon the stage was the signal for loud and repeated applause. *Miss C. Saunders*, as the *Sultan of China*, looked every inch a Sultan; and the charming *espièglerie* of *Miss Wilton* was never more becoming than in her personification of the *Wonderful Scamp*. *Mr. James Rogers*, as the *Widow Twankey*, mother of Aladdin, in his two costumes—first as a poor Chinese matron, and subsequently superbly and becomingly appalled as the mother-in-law of the princess to whom *Aladdin* is married—was irresistibly ludicrous, as was *Mr. J. Clarke*, as *Tee-to-tum the Necromancer*; *Miss Buffon* also, as the *Princess Badroulbadour*; and *Miss Josephs*, as *Pekoe*, the handsome and generous rival of *Aladdin*, were admirably got up. There were many happy allusions in the piece to the success (well deserved) which has attended this theatre under its present admirable management, and these were all received with approbation by an audience whose numbers crowded the narrow limits of the theatre rather uncomfortably. The acting of the piece was good throughout; but at the close of a notice, which is, we think, sufficiently appreciative of the merits alike of piece and actors, we venture to throw out a suggestion, to which we hope some attention will be paid. *Mr. Rogers* is so great a favourite with the Strand audience, and knows so well his influence with it, that we think he abuses his power by interpolating his own observations, or altering the exact words of the play so as seriously to interfere with the point of the author, which is frequently much superior to anything he has to substitute. This is a grave offence, though we are aware that he is far from standing alone in so doing.

While fully admitting the drollery of his personifications, we think he would lose nothing of the favour he gains from the audience, but would positively rise in its estimation, by a little more care bestowed upon the part which is assigned him, and by taking fewer liberties with a part which in itself affords him ample scope.

ADEPHI.

"Magloire, the Prestigiator," is the somewhat sonorous title of the last new sensation drama, as we are told to call the Adelphi tragedies or melodramas. The piece is in every respect worthy of its name. For three long hours the spectator is kept on the rack, until the agonizing *sensations* produced by the incidents of the drama are swallowed up in the agreeable *sensation* that it is finished. We do not state that it is without merit; on the contrary, there is much that is admirable both in plot and execution, but it becomes very wearisome before it is finished. The first act is drawn out to an insufferable length, and the prologue is a tedious and utterly purposeless excrescence upon the piece, and should at once be withdrawn. The character of the *Prestigiator*, as rendered by Mr. Webster, is certainly the most prominent, and his acting is in the most eminent degree feeling and truthful. We do not know that we have ever seen this popular actor to greater advantage. This is, in fact, that "creates a soul under the ribs of death;" and if the extravagant proportions are curtailed, we believe that "Magloire, the Prestigiator" may and will become one of his stock characters. In its present state, neither the applause (loud, though to our ears suspicious) of the audience, nor the praises (not much more valuable) which are no less generously lavished by the press, will save it. The acting of Miss Simms and of Mr. Billington was in both instances powerful, though uneven. Mr. Toole was provided with a part to his mind; and Mr. David Fisher, as the villain of the piece, was both natural and forcible. At the close of this strong *piece de resistance*, Miss Julia Daly appeared in her favourite character of *Caroline Morton*, in "Our Gal."

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

At the same time that Mr. Fechter, a Frenchman, is drawing crowded houses and winning golden opinions by his rendering of the master pieces of English tragedy, a not dissimilar experiment is being tried in Paris, where the celebrated Madame Ristori, an Italian, is achieving a success to the full as complete and remarkable, and from audiences much more *exigent* and difficult to please. The plot of the new drama, by M. Legouvé, in which Ristori is gaining her laurels, may be easily understood. *Beatrix*, a great tragedian, who gives her name to the piece, is in love with and tenderly beloved by a German Duke, the *Prince Frederic*. The marriage is arranged, and will shortly be solemnized, when the Duke's elder brother dies, and he becomes reigning prince. *Beatrix* herself sees that the marriage is now unworthy of so exalted a personage: she will not allow him to sacrifice his rank, nor will she on the other hand consent to sacrifice her own honour; and consequently she refuses every proposal of the enamoured prince, swallows the mortification of her own heart, and setting aside all thoughts of love, devotes her whole soul to the pursuit of her noble vocation of tragedian. It is impossible to rank too highly the importance of the success achieved by Madame Ristori. Her accentuation is pure and limpid, and the slight trace of her Italian origin it still affords seemed only to add a zest to the delight which she afforded. Her laughter, light, ringing, and silvery—her weeping, passionate, convulsive, unconventional, real—her magnificent delivery and grace of manner, seldom surpassed, have won for her a triumph, one of the most legitimate on record. A scene in the fourth act, which is freely compared to one in "Romeo and Juliet," was the point at which the enthusiasm reached its highest point; and the entire audience rose on its feet to applaud and recal her at its termination. The passionate depth of despair in her farewell exclamation to her royal lover—

"Je vous aime, mais je ne serai jamais votre maîtresse," was another point at which the emotion of the au-

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dience was almost uncontrollable. While powerful in depicting the strongest passions of the soul, it is in the representation of its inmost and most womanly depths that what is most truly admirable in Ristori's genius lies. The French critics at once place her on the very highest pedestal, and proclaim that France has found a worthy successor to Rachel.

The subject of the better ventilation, lighting, and warming of theatres is receiving considerable attention in Paris; and a commission consisting of several members of the Institute, presided over by M. Dumas, has been appointed to consult upon the value of the different plans proposed for this purpose.

The ballet of "Graciosa" has proved a great success; and Madame Ferrario, at the conclusion of the first performance, received a perfect ovation. Among the different growings and incidents in the ballet appears an imaginary combat with wild bulls, in which the costume and dances of the toréadors are spoken of as particularly coquettish and elegant.

"Auge," a drama, by M. Alexandre Dumas, which has now not been performed at Paris for twenty years, is in preparation at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique. It is expected that it will be produced on a scale of great splendour.

Two important changes in the cast of the "Amber Witch" have been rendered necessary by its withdrawal from Her Majesty's Theatre, and present performance at Drury Lane: Mlle. Parepa undertakes the part of *Mary* instead of *Mme. Lemmons* Sherrington, and Mr. Sims Reeves is succeeded by Mr. Swift.

Herr Staudigl, the renowned basso, after being confined some time in a lunatic asylum at Vienna, has at length succumbed to his malady, and is now dead.

After the third representation of "Tannhäuser" at the Grand Opera, Paris, the opera was withdrawn by Herr Wagner himself, who signified his views to the manager in the following letter:—

"Paris, March 25th, 1861.

"Sir.—The opposition displayed against the 'Tannhäuser' only shows me how correct you were in the observations that you addressed to me upon the absence of the ballet and those other scenic conventionalities to which the subscribers are accustomed.

"I regret that the nature of my work will not allow me to comply with these requirements; and now that the continued opposition will not allow even those spectators who may desire to do so, to give such an amount of attention to the opera as will enable them to form a proper opinion upon it, I have no alternative but to withdraw it.

"Be so good as to make my intentions known to His Excellency the Minister of State.

"Yours, &c.

"RICHARD WAGNER."

A small company of female Swiss singers, under the management of Herr Decker-Schenk, has been invited over to England by Mr. Mitchell, to give a series of performances, which commenced on Monday last. The songs are all of that peculiar character common to Swiss music, and are well worth a hearing for their freshness and originality. Mme. Decker-Schenk, in a long comic song, "Die Kosmopolitische Schweizerin" (the Milkmaid who knows the world), notwithstanding the disadvantages of a foreign tongue, manages to amuse the audience thoroughly by her hearty and vivacious rendering of it.

A grand rehearsal of Haydn's "Creation," by the members of the Metropolitan Choral Division, under the direction of Mr. Costa, will take place on the 1st of May at the Crystal Palace.

During the past week the following concerts have taken place at St. James's Hall:—Mr. Ransford's, on Monday; that of the Vocal Association, on Wednesday; and an extra concert by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir on Friday, when the cantata "Holyrood" was performed for the third time.

Benvenuti's new opera "Shakspeare," which was so successful at Parma, is to be brought out at Reggio also.

During the past year, at Vienna, from March 1860 to March 1861, there have been 185 representations at the Imperial Opera: amongst those which have been performed most frequently are the following: "Don Giovanni," 5 times; "Le Nozze di Figaro," 4; "L'Impresario," 2; "Zauberflöte," 2; "Prophète," 9; "Huguenots," 9; "Robert le Diable," 9; "L'Étoile du Nord," 2; "Guillaume Tell," 7; "Stradella," 4; "Martha," 4; "Dame Blanche," 7; "La Part du Diable," 7; "Les Enfants des Lander," 5.

On Saturday last the first representation took place, at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, of a new piece entitled "Les Funérailles de l'Honneur," by M. Auguste Vacquerie. This play is one of the most extravagant of the modern French romantic school, and has received some severe castigation at the hands of the Press.

The two first acts of a new play, entitled "La Prise de Pekin," by Messrs. Macquard and Denney, has been read at the Cirque Impérial. It was favourably spoken of, and is to be produced on a scale of almost unprecedented splendour. The view of the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, and the dresses of the Tartar troops, are to be scrupulously faithful.

#### OBITUARY.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.—It was but the other day that we had to chronicle the death of one of the principal fashionable novel-writers of the age, Mrs. Gore; and at an interval of less than two months from her decease, the grave stands ready to receive the remains of Lady Charlotte Bury, well known in former days by her maiden name of Lady Charlotte Campbell, the same who near seventy years ago was styled the "Flower of the House of Argyll," on account of her early beauty. She was the younger of the two daughters of Field-Marshal John, fifth Duke of Argyll, by his wife Miss Gunning, widow of the Duke of Hamilton. She was consequently the sister of the two last Dukes of Argyll, and aunt of the present Duke. She was born in 1775, and before the end of the last century had become the wife of her kinsman, or at least her clansman, Colonel John Campbell, one of the Campbells of Shawfield. Before many years had elapsed, she was a widow with a young family, of whom we believe that two only now survive—Lady Arthur Lennox and Mrs. William Russell. In 1818 or 1819 she married, as her second husband, the Rev. Edward Bury, Rector of Titchfield, Hampshire, but was again left a widow in 1832; this time with an only daughter, now, we believe, Mrs. Lyons. It was not till after her second marriage that she came much before the world as an authoress. From an early date, however, she had taken a lively interest in art and literature, and had been among the first of the Scottish nobility who encouraged the youthful genius of Sir Walter Scott, who owed some of his earliest and most useful introductions among the noble houses of the North to her kind offices. It was also at her house that Sir Walter was first introduced to Monk Lewis. He writes to George Ellis, March 2nd, 1802:—

"I am glad you have seen the Marquis of Lorn, whom I have frequently met at the house of his charming sister, Lady Charlotte Campbell, whom I am sure you must admire as much as I do if you are acquainted with her." She also introduced him to Lady Anne Hamilton, and the poet had thus an opportunity of confirming the good impression made by the perusal of *Glencinaus* and *The Eve of St. John*. Soon after being left a widow she was appointed to a place in the household of the Princess of Wales. When *The Diary of the Times* of George IV. appeared, it was thought to bear evidence of such intimate familiarity with the scenes depicted as could be attributed only to Lady Charlotte Campbell. The work accordingly was reviewed with much severity, and the authorship of it was laid to her charge by Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review*. We are not aware that the accusation has ever been formally contradicted. The *Quarterly Review* joined in the condemnation. The consequence was, that the book sold rapidly, several editions being disposed of in a few weeks: so true is the old saying, "Nitinum

in vetum," and so strong is the natural desire to learn what should not be told, especially if the actors should happen to be conspicuous for rank and celebrity. Lady Charlotte Bury's works include a number of novels of the Minerva school, many of which enjoyed a large circulation. Among them we should enumerate *Alla Giorni, or To the Day*; *The Devoted*; *The Disinterested and the Fashared*; *Family Records, or The Two Sisters*; *Flirtation*; *Love*; *Marriage in High Life*; *The Divorced*; *Memoirs of a Peasant in the Days of Fox*, &c.

MR. MACPHERSON.—We have to record the death of Mr. Francis Macpherson, the well-known classical bookseller and publisher, late of Oxford, and recently of King William Street, which happened a few days since, at the age of, we believe, sixty-five or sixty-six. He was a native of Aberdeen, served in the navy whilst young, and being paid off at the close of the war, became manager and eventually the successor of Mr. Cuthell, the eminent classical bookseller of Holborn, where he remained until he moved to Oxford. He was admirably informed on all matters connected with ancient and modern classics, and he will be regretted as an honest and upright man, though somewhat stern and eccentric in character. It should be mentioned to his credit that he gave £100 to the fund raised on behalf of Mr. Pickering's widow and children, although his own resources were far from being large or prosperous.

#### MISCELLANEA.

The *Times* correspondent at Rome has once more revived the subject of the famous Campana collection, and the British public has once more a grievance against those who are supposed to be paid for acquiring on our behalf the various art treasures, which from time to time become accessible. Many persons of some position have a strong suspicion that the British nation by no means gets the value of the money granted for this purpose. They are constantly complaining that our agents are always the last in the market, and, consequently, that they always get what the agents of other nations have refused. It appears that on the present occasion we have been beaten by the Russians. Campana, who made the collection now called after him, was Director of the Monte di Pietà, the euphemistic title, as most of our readers are aware, given to the great national pawnshop. The ingenious Director committed in this capacity a flagrant but acute fraud. He employed the profits of the "Mountain of Piety" in enlarging his own private collection, and then proceeded to borrow money from the government on the collection which the government had unconsciously paid for already. This was of course discovered, and the ingenious Director was thrown into prison. Before this, however, he had offered his collection for sale to all the governments of Europe, asking the exorbitant sum of £200,000. The authorities of the British Museum made an offer, which was rejected. It is not improbable that the Monte di Pietà has allowed the Russians to take some of the objects they wanted, so as to make the British and French agents more ready to accede to their own terms. Such at least seems to us the most likely account of the transaction, especially if the *Times* correspondent is right in his hint that the Russians have not got the cream of the selection:

"It is said, too, that in the departments from which he has selected the superficially civilized Muscovite has paid more attention to the showiness and perfect preservation of the specimens than to their real historic and artistic merit. That is said that of the vases he has preferred the largest and best preserved, rejecting others of greater real value and interest, because they were chipped."

It is rumoured, by the way, that the Russians cannot afford to pay down the entire sum, and that out of £27,000 only £5,000 are cash, the remainder being paid in bills at interest. It is altogether uncertain whether Mr. Newton will now be able to get anything at a reasonable rate.

The MSS. formerly belonging to Willebold Pirkheimer, amongst which, besides many letters to

celebrated contemporaries, are eight of Albrecht Dürer unedited, were brought to the hammer on the 28th of January last, and bought by the magistracy of the town of Nürnberg, for 4400 guilders (about £370). Of this sum, the greater portion, 3200 guilders, had been raised by voluntary subscription amongst the Patricians and private citizens.

Those who have read Gibbon's miscellaneous papers, will recollect that he fixes the earliest seat of the Guelphs this side the Alps at the old Dorf (Alt-torf) north of the Boden Sea, close to Ravensburg, where still, in the modern town, so many reminiscences of these powerful Dynasts will be found. Weingarten (Vinea) was their foundation, and one of the most opulent of the Benedictine monasteries, till its secularization and absorption into Protestant Würtemberg. Its spacious halls and courts are now turned to the purposes of a poor-house and cotton factory, and the noble church, with its beautiful frescoes of early Guelphs and their legends, seems hastening fast to ruin. The organ, perhaps the largest in Germany, is only occasionally used. This building may be beyond his power, but the present head of the Guelphs, George V., King of Hanover, has ordered the restoration of an ancient tower within the walls of Ravensburg called the Veitsburg, which is the oldest known residence of this potent House. It is true that possibly not a vestige of the ancient edifice now remains, as the olden building was blown down in a violent storm in 1552, and the watchman in the top story with it, where his remarkable preservation unhurt is duly recorded in an old German rhyme over the entrance:

"Zu einem Wunder steht allhier geschrieben,  
Dass der Bläser ist lebendig geblieben."

"As a wonder it stands here written,  
That the watchman was saved, though the tower  
was smitten."

The various archaeological bodies of Germany, Switzerland, &c., have an annual congress alternately in the north and south of Fatherland, in the month of September. Last year, the meeting was at München (Munich), under the presidency of Count William of Würtemberg, from the 18th to the 21st of September, at which about 150 members attended, and 22 societies were represented by deputations; to these, also, English bodies would have been admitted, but the Direction gave no notice of it in this country. At these meetings, the few days left for the proceedings allow not much time for independent discussion; as they are principally occupied by receiving the reports of various committees that have been at work in the interval of the last meeting. In the present instance they relate to the tracing and mapping of the Roman wall, from the lower Rhine to the Danube, by Archivarius Habel of Schierstein, and Inspector Paulus, of Stuttgart, who has just published a topographical map of its course; a subject which has special interest for our antiquaries, as regards our own Roman wall from the Frith of Forth to the Clyde: this is apparently but the portion of an immense circumvallation by which our Roman conquerors protected their entire northern frontier.

Other Reports referred to the formation of a Germano-Romanic Museum at Mainz under Professor Lindenschmidt, and the restoration of the cathedral of Ulm, as a Protestant demonstration against the rebuilding of the beautiful one at Cologne.

The next meeting, for the present year is fixed at Altenburg, capital of the Saxon duchy of the same name, within an hour's easy rail from Leipzig, and in the centre of some of the most beautiful scenery and interesting castles and remains on the upper Mulde and Voigtländ. We shall be able to give full and exact particulars of the time of the meeting in a short time.

The celebrated painting of the *Holy Family* by Sebastian del Piombo was offered for sale by auction, on Tuesday, the 26th ult., at Paris. Lovers of art will remember that this picture was put up for sale last year, but was bought in for 43,000 francs. On the present occasion the biddings commenced at 5,000, and ultimately reached no more than 17,500 francs, for which the work was sold.

A catalogue has just been issued at Paris, of the extraordinarily rich library of the late M. Armand Cigongne. This catalogue will be a boon to bibliographers, and acquires an additional value from the fact that it is preceded by a notice upon some of its rarest treasures, from the able pen of M. Le Roux de Lincy. We hope to be able to give our readers, in a subsequent number, some further glimpse into this valuable collection of books, which, we are happy to hear, has been saved from the dispersal consequent upon a public auction with which it was threatened.

A new book is announced for publication in Paris, entitled *Drames de l'Amérique du Nord: les Pieds Noirs*. It is by M. H. E. Chevalier, editor of the *Paris* newspaper, who has resided for some years in America. It is said that it will contain some curious revelations concerning the Hudson's Bay Company.

A volume of some interest to Oriental scholars is announced at Paris under the title of *Mélanges de Littérature Orientale*; it contains a collection of articles upon the history, religion, and poetry of the Eastern nations, by the well-known orientalist, the Baron Siévestre de Saey.

One of the oldest and most skilful collectors of and dealers in autographs has just passed away, in the person of Mr. John Taylere, of Adelaide Street, West Strand. He had just completed his seventyninth year. In early days he was well known in the theatrical world as an actor of no mean merit; and he kept up his interest in his old profession to the last. He was particularly well acquainted with ancient, scarce, and valuable prints, and had realized out of his business a handsome competence for his widow, who was herself formerly an actress.

Mr. James Blackwood has the following works in preparation:—*Biographical Portraiture, or Sketches of the Lives and Characters of a few Illustrious Men*, by John Leaf. *Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Tennant, LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews*, by M. F. Conolly, town-clerk of Austruther.

On Friday evening next, the 12th instant, S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., will deliver a lecture before the Post Office Library and Literary Institution, on "Authors of the Age."

Among the numerous and frequently not over-lively witcisms with which the French press has been surcharged with regard to the unfortunate opera of Wagner, the following is perhaps as amusing as any:—“We are indebted to M. Wagner for a new verb, *tannhauser*, conjugated like *aimer*. *Indicatif présent*: je tannhauser, tu tannhauses, il tannhaus. *Passé défini*: je tannhausai. *Futur*: je tannhausrai. *Participe présent*: tannhausant. This appears a regular active verb of the first conjugation. Nothing can be more simple; the only further question being, what is the signification of *tannhauser*? According to the best authors, it signifies to weary an audience by a monotonous mass of useless verbiage, void of any practical end whatever.”

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The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTED!"—Who does? Old Dr. H. James. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restorative qualities of preparations made from East Indian Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he made a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvelous and blessed remedy public.—*Atlas*.

"A MAX OF A THOUSAND."—In these days of selfishness it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. James. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetables, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. "TRY IT."—*Merseyer*.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—Let there be Light,' said the Divine Architect, when he fashioned the earth from chaos, 'and there was light.' If the 'regular faculty,' (as the old school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlightened themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with light, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. JAMES makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shivering sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal liberations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY."—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, revivified, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial."—*Birmingham Paper*.